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# NEW STATESMAN

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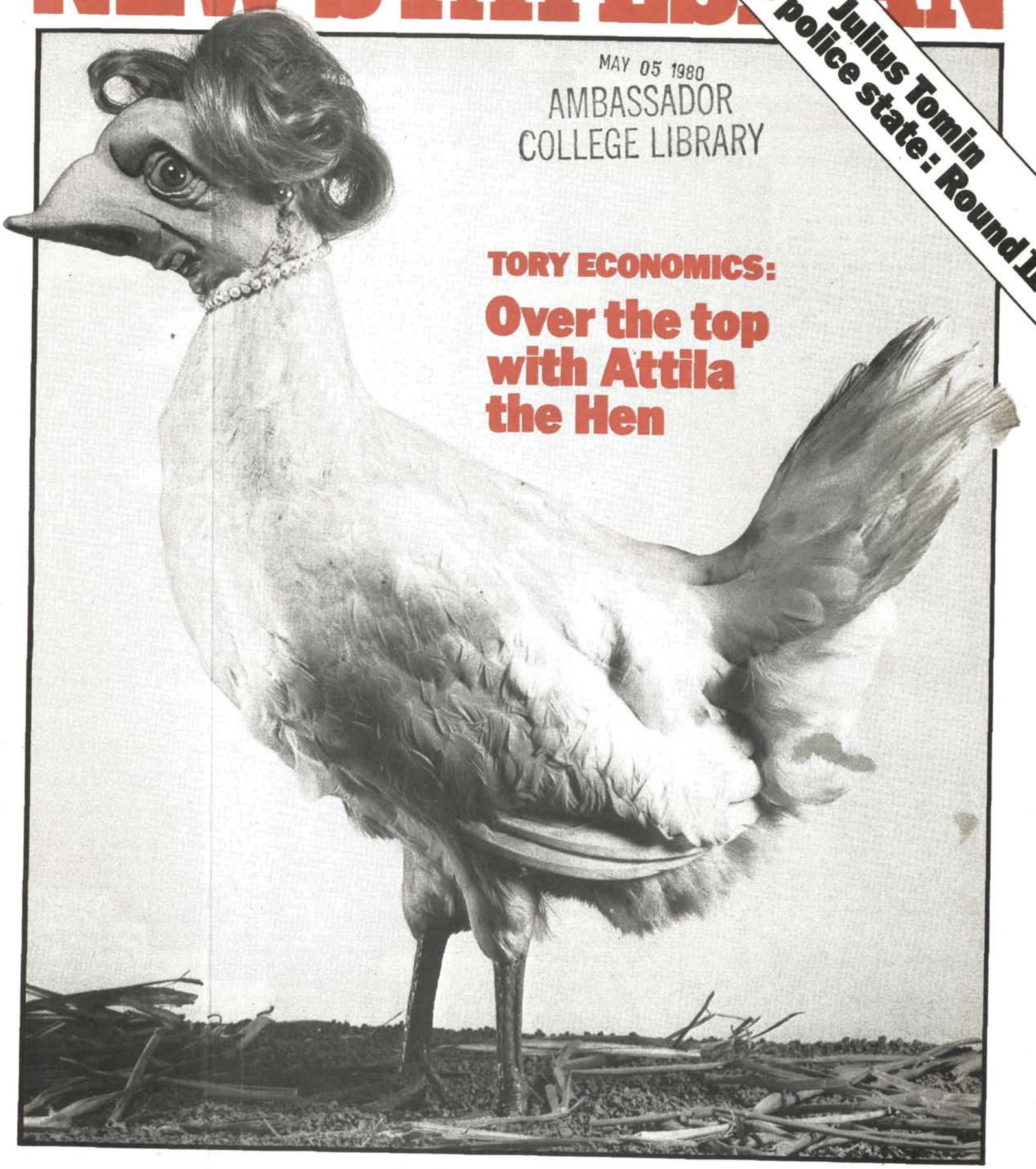
**Julius Tomin v the police state: Round II**



## TORY ECONOMICS: Over the top with Attila the Hen

**Inside Cambodia: buried gold and wedding feasts**
**Has Ireland quit the nuclear club?/Northern Diary**
**Courtroom tales: no evidence=guilty**

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Cables: Newstat, London WC1
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## Liberty begins at home

LAST SATURDAY, a distinguished contributor to the NEW STATESMAN was sitting in a private apartment, discussing the philosophy of science with an academic visitor and a group of students. Suddenly, two plainclothes security men and a dozen uniformed cops forced their way in. Julius Tomin, author of last week's article *Philosophy and the police state*, was manhandled and slightly injured. His visitor, Dr William Newton-Smith of Balliol College, Oxford, was questioned for several hours and expelled from Czechoslovakia. His account of these events, together with the latest details of Tomin's harassment – part sinister, part ludicrous – appear on page 391.

At the same weekend, news was discreetly leaked to the Parliamentary lobby that the British Home Office – troubled by disclosures in the NEW STATESMAN – will shortly set up an inquiry into phone-tapping. In our view, these two stories have a bearing upon each other.

The connection should begin when people in the West ask themselves what they can do for the Tomins, the Havels, and the Sakharovs who are operating on, and beyond, the frontiers of liberty? What is our duty towards them?

The first duty, from which all others follow, is to preserve without compromise such liberties as our own societies possess. It is indeed true that in no western country – and certainly not Britain – has the arrogance of police power reached the level that Czechoslovakia must endure as routine. But there is nothing natural or inevitable about that state of affairs.

WHAT IS NATURAL and inevitable is that to the bureaucratic masters of the modern state it will always seem that manipulation and repression are easier options than discussion and negotiation. And hard experience shows that what matters here is not whether the masters of the state are formally capitalist or formally socialist. What matters, crucially, is whether they think they can get away with it.

At present, the organs of our own security state have, effectively, carte blanche in the matters of telephone-tapping, electronic surveillance and espionage activities generally. These are privileges which they intend, if possible, to preserve. Their difficulties are: first, that the gaff has largely been blown; second, that recent litigation in Strasbourg suggests that Britain's practice of electronic laissez-faire is at odds with the European Convention on Human Rights; and third that the Committee on Criminal Procedure, quite rightly, feels that the uses and abuses of phone-tapping are something that its members should investigate.

IT IS in order to stave off this threat that the Home Office has conceded the idea of an inquiry – but an inquiry which, by all appearances so far, would be very much under its own control. And it is up to Members of Parliament to make it quite clear that they will not be fobbed-off with any such carefully-calculated half-measure. Parliament has been steadily and consistently hoodwinked over phone-tapping: if it is to restore itself to authority and respect, it must regain control of this issue, and of all others which affect the essential liberties of the people.

The argument, of course, will be that 'national security' requires those liberties to be circumscribed. And it is no passing irony that 'national security' is the rubric under which the Czechoslovak state pursues its victims. Everywhere, the language and logic of the security state is identical. The difference is that in our country it has not achieved overmastering power. And it is our business to ensure that it never does so. We must have liberty at home, if we are to export even those small quantities of it which can be smuggled across the borders of repression.

## NOTES

### Basques dump Suarez despite PR effort

*Julie Flint writes from Madrid*: In the closing days of the campaign for Sunday's parliamentary elections in the Basque country, the first in Basque history for a single autonomous legislature, Premier Adolfo Suarez flew north to rally the troops. It was his only overnight stop in the Basque provinces in three and a half years in office and it emerged clearly as an ill-conceived PR effort. Suarez wanted to woo voters away from the Basque Nationalist Party, which turned out to be the big winner of the elections and is expected to form a minority government, with external support in a parliament where Basque parties will have a 42-18 edge over Spanish parties.

During an undistinguished whistle-stop tour of Basque capitals, Suarez, illustrating his insensitivity to the Basque problem, expressed the opinion that it was 'heroic to work for the UCD' – his own party – among Basques. When the vote was counted, the UCD, which polls had forecast would rise marginally, slumped 53 per cent from the March 1979 general elections, and sent only six Deputies to the 60-seat parliament – promising trouble for Suarez in a party increasingly questioning his leadership.

The government disaster came 11 days before Catalonians were expected to elect a left-wing parliament and just nine days after Andalucians, ineptly and obviously manoeuvred into voting for second-class autonomy, dealt another big blow to the government with the narrowness of their vote.

Exceeding even its own forecasts, the Basque Nationalist Party (a Christian Democrat Party that walked out of the Madrid parliament eight weeks before the Basque vote, accusing Suarez of reneging on autonomy promises) won 75,000 new votes and 25 Deputies – enough for an overall majority if the pro-independence Herri Batasuna coalition confirms its decision to boycott the parliament.

Herri Batasuna – its founders, if not its voters, split over its indecision on almost everything but non-participation and support for ETA violence – elected 11 Deputies and increased its vote by two per cent to emerge as the biggest left-wing force in the Basque provinces. Euskadiko Eskerra, a coalition close to ETA's less radical wing, got six Deputies and added 10,000 new voters – a 12 per cent increase, reflecting its unequalled efforts to steer clear of cheap shots and to explain issues, both to native Basques and to the 41 per cent of first- and second-generation immigrants.

Confirming the inability of Spanish parties to be relevant to Basque problems, the Socialist Party, Spain's second largest, lost 60,000 votes – almost a third of its Basque electorate – for only nine Deputies.

The big question now, of course, is how ETA, which took 78 lives last year, will react. The Nationalists want to talk and believe ETA, which



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## NOTES

observed a campaign ceasefire, does too. Much will depend on how the guerrillas interpret a 41 per cent abstention rate, 7 per cent up on March 1979, and whether the Nationalists, with serious economic problems to solve, accept Suarez's offer of 'intense collaboration' and a tempting 31-seat block.

## EEC breakthrough on equal pay

*Eveline Hunter writes:* The first British equal pay claim to go to the European Court has won its first major round. The European Advocate-General gave his written opinion this week that stock room manager Wendy Smith was entitled to equal pay under European law, even if not under the British Equal Pay Act.

The issue in question is the interpretation of Article 119 of the Treaty of Rome which says each member state should ensure that 'men and women receive equal pay for equal work'. A 1975 EEC Directive further defines this as meaning 'work to which equal value is attributable'. Under the British Equal Pay Act, a woman must be able to compare her wage rate with a man doing the same or broadly similar work for the same employer, or to show that her job has been rated of equal value under a job evaluation scheme. Many women have no men with whom to compare themselves, since they remain concentrated in female-only occupations.

Wendy Smith was earning £10 a week less than the man who had done her job before her. She won her claim for equal pay at the local industrial tribunal and at the Employment Appeal Tribunal. Her employers, Macarthy's Ltd, dealers in pharmaceutical products, appealed on the ground that the Equal Pay Act did not allow comparison with a man no longer employed by the firm. In the Court of Appeal, Lord Denning and Lord Justices Lawton and Cumming-Bruce could not agree on the interpretation of the Equal Pay Act, but all agreed that it might be in conflict with EEC law which is directly applicable in the UK and supersedes British national laws. They referred the case to the European Court of Justice.

The European Advocate-General not only decided that Ms Smith could compare her wages with a man no longer working for the firm, but also ruled that under EEC law a woman could compare her wages with those of a 'hypothetical' man, whether or not there was actually a man doing the same work. The last point is very significant for women in Britain who may soon be able to compare themselves with men in other workplaces or doing different work. The problem will remain, however, of *who* should decide (and *how*) when two jobs are of equal value. In the past, predominantly female occupations have seldom done well out of such comparisons.

The Advocate-General's written opinion has still to be ratified by the judges of the European Court, although the Equal Opportunties Commission, who backed Ms Smith's application, expects that it will be. After that the judgment will become binding on industrial tribunals and courts in the UK.

## Avon schools wrecked

*Fred Inglis writes*: Avon teachers' campaign against the county's education cuts is due to escalate after last week's abortive meeting between county council officials and representatives from National Union of Teachers.

For six weeks, NUT teachers from 42 of Avon's 67 secondary schools have been striking on a four-week rota basis – ten to 12 schools each week from Tuesday to Thursday. Now all 42 schools are likely to shut together.

Teachers argue that Avon has been chosen as a test county for reducing education spending most drastically. No-one has been more eager to please Michael Heseltine than Avon chairman, Sir Gervas Walker and his education chairman, Norman Reece. In a brisk term's work, Avon Tories have cut capitation grants per pupil by ten per cent when capitation itself was reduced by 18 per cent inflation; compulsorily redeployed 400 teaching posts, using what Reece called the 'natural wastage' of motherhood to discourage those teachers returning to work after maternity leave; and cut the maintenance of buildings and facilities until they rot.All first appointments are now on 'permanent supply', so teachers can be dismissed at 24 hours' notice. In enforcing a rigidly mathematical teacher-pupil ratio, the local authority can require teachers to take subjects for which they are quite untrained. The capitation reduction means a risible sum available for commonplace purchases: an English department can spend £1 per year per pupil on novels, setbooks, textbooks, writing paper and so on. One science department has 15p per lesson to spend at a time when a broken beaker costs 40p, one household thermometer £1.50 and a £1.50 tin of copper sulphate will last three lessons of Nuffield Science. Modern languages have 83p per child for the year. Broken windows stay unmended and all windows unwashed since July 1978. No children rising five are admitted to school in the term they reach five. Nursery schemes and gypsy teachers have been junked.

In Hartcliffe school, on a 1950s high-rise estate, the teachers dug in against policies that clearly disadvantaged the disadvantaged. The tennis courts and all-weather pitches were closed for want of care; a 10,000-book library was under polythene for want of a teacher to look after it; newly-arrived 11-year-olds were dealt out for odd lessons and filler time to whichever teachers happened to be free, while staff tried to keep more continuity for the older children.



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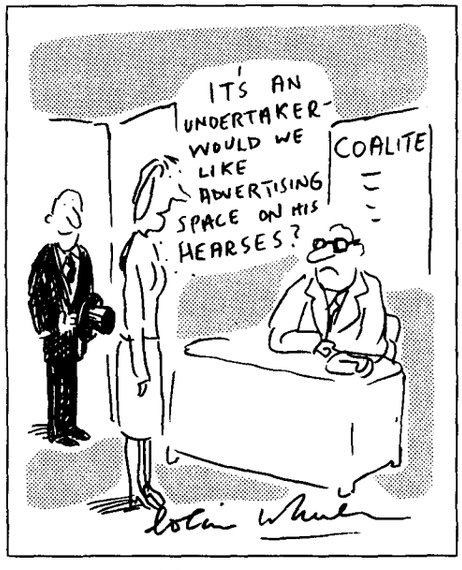
The teachers refused to run a madhouse. They closed the school and are teaching the children in local church halls and community centres. Their fight is not over job losses, nor wages, nor even conditions of work as the phrase is usually understood. It is in defence of the pupils' future.

Last July, Norman Reece sent round a circular to all schools stating: 'It is most inappropriate for any Head or indeed any employee of the Authority who might appear to be speaking in that capacity to express views which are or might be taken to be critical of expressed policies of the Authority . . . I think I can rely on the judgment of Heads not to enter areas of difficulty.' So far, 42 school staffs have done so.

## Coalite cover-up

*Paul Flather writes*: Coalite, the north Derbyshire chemical company which manufactured the weedkiller 2,4,5,-T, has been accused of suppressing medical reports on 41 members of its workforce exposed to the toxic by-product, dioxin; but so far it has refused to make any public comment.

Dr Jenny Martin, who was commissioned by Coalite and Chemical Products Ltd to produce the reports, says the company only released an abbreviated version of her report, distorting significantly her findings. There can be little doubt that the




company acted deliberately to suppress independent reports because they contained findings which would damage its public image.

Just over 12 months ago I was working in a newspaper office in Chesterfield, near Bolsover, where Coalite is based, when a local ASTMS union official approached me complaining about the secrecy surrounding the findings of Dr Martin's report. He said he had been told categorically that the findings had proved satisfactory. 'But we want to know why the company is reluctant to make the results available to us'. He said it was just not good enough to say everything was all right.

When I tracked down the managing director of the plant, Mr Ted Needham, he denied any intentional secrecy. He said the report (now known to have been the abbreviated 'whitewash' version) had been sent to all full-time union officials. 'We think local union officials would probably not be able to understand all the details of the report', he said – presumably referring to the full version. The tests showed no significant health difference between men working on the 2,4,5,-T plant and the rest of the Coalite complex, he said: 'As far as we are concerned the information is completely reassuring and the matter is now closed.'

Alarm at the Coalite firm was first raised in 1968 after an explosion in which one man died and 79 others were known to have been exposed to dioxin. But it was only in 1977, the year after the explosion at a chemical manufacturing plant in Seveso, Italy, which led to a mass evacuation and later to serious deformities in local children, and after pressure from the Health and Safety Executive who toured the plant after the Seveso accident, that Coalite commissioned the medical reports. But by then it had closed its 2,4,5,-T plant and deployed the 16 workers left there throughout the rest of the company. As it was no longer still producing the weedkiller, the HSE lost its legal right to force the company to reveal the full findings of the report. That is one legal loophole which ought now to be closed. Meanwhile the unions have called for fresh medical tests and the HSE has called for the full report to be published now. No comment as yet from Coalite.

## END comes to the UK

*Richard Winkler writes*: Last Saturday (8 March) a small room at Friends House was crammed with a remarkable cross-section of the European left. E. P. Thompson, Arthur Scargill, Stuart Holland, Lord Fenner Brockway, Bruce Kent of CND, Mervyn Jones, Mary Kaldor, Mike Cooley of Lucas Aerospace, Walt Greendale of TGWU, Claude Bourdet of the PSU and *Témoignage Chrétien*, Jean-PierreVigier (distinguished *résistant* and formerly of the central committee French communist party), Ulrich Albrecht (Professor of Peace Studies at the Free University of Berlin), Antonio Bronda of *Unità*, and some thirty others had met for no less a purpose than evicting nuclear weapons from Europe.

Edward Thompson's draft appeal envisages a pan-European movement, embracing both NATO and Warsaw Pact countries: 'We must commence to act as if a united, neutral and pacific Europe already exists. We must learn to be loyal, not to 'East' or 'West', but to each other, and we must disregard the prohibitions and limitations imposed by any national state.'

In such a cosmopolitan company the discussion was naturally wide-ranging and sometimes heated. Does Europe end at the Russo-Polish border or at the Urals? The first definition would leave untouched the SS20s (intermediate missiles) inside Russia, the second would be far harder to get the Russians to agree to. If Europe is denuclearised from Brest-Litovsk to the Aran Islands (or Mary Kaldor's 'Poland to Pimlico'), then there would be no purpose in the Soviet Union deploying SS20s. However, the Soviet General Staff is not the most tractable of entities. The point will doubtless be discussed again at the next meeting in April.

Another bone of contention was by whom and to whom the appeal should be addressed. Arthur Scargill argued vigorously that if it is to gain any mass support in the United Kingdom the appeal must be addressed specifically to the British people, other countries being free to join in if they so choose. The French pointed out that, what with the PCF already supporting the *force de frappe*, this would kill it stone dead in France. The tentative upshot was that separate appeals, as nearly identical as possible, should be issued in different countries. In particular, Edward Thompson suggested, there should be an all-German appeal, transcending Checkpoint Charlie.

The draft appeal calls for the democratic control of civil nuclear power installations. This drew from Diana Shelley of *Peace News* the fierce retort that what is needed is not control but abolition: a meltdown would be a meltdown, whoever was 'controlling' it. Camden Councillor Hymans added the chilling thought that a conventional high-explosive bomb dropped on a nuclear reactor would be just as devastating as an outright nuclear attack. The anti-nuclear power movement also has wide and effective support in Europe: it would be a tactical error for END not to ally with it. On the other hand, as Walt Greendale indicated, such an alliance might alienate some trade unions. This, again, is something that will have to be thrashed out at the next meeting.

Finally, the meeting discussed secondary picketing on an heroic scale: Poles at Lakenheath, Hungarians at Upper Heyford, British and French demonstrating in the streets of Warsaw and Budapest. This may sound wildly unlikely, but the alternative is quite likely to be tens of millions of dead and irradiated Europeans.

*For more information about END contact Ken Coates at Bertrand Russell House, Gamble St., Nottingham.*

## 'Bad mistake' in Huyton

*Rob Rohrer writes*: In an unusual move, an outside police force investigating Merseyside's controversial K Division has advised Huyton magistrates to revoke a fine and a community service order imposed on a 23-year-old labourer found guilty last November of assaulting a policeman. The only evidence against the labourer came from the officer himself. Sentencing the defendant, the magistrate's chairman told him he deserved to be sent to prison. But now the labourer says an investigating officer has said the policeman was 'either badly mistaken or lying'.

He was one of about 18 people arrested during a police raid on the Huyton Park Hotel last June, five days before Jimmy Kelly died in the same Division. The pub customers say they were taken to Huyton police station and punched, kicked, and in one case whipped around the head with a wet, knotted towel (NS 24 August 1979). Following the NEW STATESMAN's report Merseyside's chief constable called in the West Midlands police to investigate. These detectives are now considering whether to report a number of officers to the DPP for suspected perjury. At the magistrates' hearing three defendants insisted that the policemen giving evidence against them were not the arresting officers. In most of the cases defendants left the court indignant at the wild discrepancies between their accounts of what had taken place and police evidence.

The labourer, supported by witnesses, says that when he was taken to Huyton police station a group of policemen 'punched me in the belly and I went down. There were six of them booting hell out of me.' His injuries included a large cut on the back of the head, a black eye, swollen jaw, and extensive bruising on his body. It is expected that West Midlands police will advise Merseyside police not to oppose the labourer's Crown Court appeal against conviction and sentence. In another case a youth watching the Huyton Park police raid and himself arrested was found not guilty. Unofficially, he has now been advised to begin proceedings against Merseyside police for assault and damage caused to his jacket and pullover in the Huyton police cells. Terence Roche, 17, alleges he was made to take his jacket and pullover off and throw them into a pool of vomit on the cell floor. Then an officer stamped over the jacket to clean up the mess.

Roche says that he was sitting on a wall near the Huyton Park pub when he was arrested. 'I hadn't been drinking. I'd been playing football with my mates. A big CID fellow came across and just punched me in the face'. While he lay on the ground Roche claims he was kicked in the head and body. He also insists that an officer he had never seen before gave evidence against him. A police investigator has indicated the officer may face a charge of perjury if the DPP decides to authorise proceedings. Public anger over the policing of Huyton has not abated and the demand is still for a Home Office inquiry into the incidents at Huyton police station in the week leading up to Jimmy Kelly's death.

**NEW STATESMAN INDEX**

The index for July-December 1979 (Vol. 98) is now available, price 80p post free, from the publisher

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ATTILA THE HEN

# Will many wets make a deluge?

**PATRICK WINTOUR and CHRISTOPHER HIRD report on growing signs of strain among government supporters at the failure of monetarism.**

NEXT FRIDAY, in the last of the Milton Friedman programmes on the BBC, the Chicago economist will be seen in confrontation with Sir Geoffrey Howe and with ex-Chancellor Denis Healey. The film is in existence already: both Howe and Healey are visibly startled at Friedman's declaration that the Tories are not applying his economic teachings correctly.

Friedman has four criticisms. First, Howe should have a five-year plan, detailing a progressive lowering of monetary targets. This, of course, would be a fearsome restriction on any government's freedom of manoeuvre, and the Tories have not dared to go so far. Second, Friedman says it is madness not to have index-linked bonds: no-one believes the government is serious about bringing down inflation when it is willing to pay almost 20 per cent on its own long-term debts. Third, the government should be ready to countenance interest rates rising to any level necessary to reduce demand for bank loans. Only last month the government showed it was not prepared to do that.

Finally, most distressingly for Howe, Friedman states that the government's monetary-growth target, of 7-11 per cent, is *much too tight* for the present situation, with inflation running around 15 per cent.

Friedman's appearance on the box has not been much fun for the Tory Party. The electorate feels that it is being led through highly-tempestuous waters, and somehow Professor Friedman has more of a manic glint in his eye than people like in their navigators. The discovery that even *he* thinks the men at the wheel have mislaid their marbles is bound to darken the already treacly gloom.

It is not just their chosen prophet who is deserting the monetarist priesthood. Early this month, the *Financial Weekly* opened its leading article with the usual pieties about how monetarism would have to be given some time, to see if it would work. And went on:

> We, and a good part of British business with us, have seen enough.

Representatives of British business, corralled by the *Financial Weekly*, were a bit more muted on-the-record. They supported Thatcher. Clearly a long haul. High interest rates, though, were 'hurting'. The overvalued pound was 'crucifying'.

There are still several things holding Mrs Thatcher's discontented army into some kind of battle-order. Businessmen, in particular, are still feeling grateful for the big cuts which were made last year in the higher rates of personal taxation. And they admire the Government's plans for an assault on trade-unionism. Further, they are happy to see such 'unnecessary' bodies as the NEB cut down to size.

But the price is becoming high, perhaps unbearable. Industrial profits are falling to a level which could mean several spectacular bankruptcies before the end of the year: at that point, perhaps, dumb resentment will turn into outright revolt.

## Forecasts of doom

| | Treasury Nov. | National Inst. Jan. | LBS Mar. | OECD Jan. | CBI Feb. | Cantab Mar. | Carr Feb. | P&D Mar. | H&G Mar. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Growth 1978** 2.7 | | | | | | | | | |
| **1979** 0.6 | | | | | | | | | |
| **1980** | –2.0 | –0.5 | –1.7 | –2.0 | –2.0 | –1.2 | –1.5 | –1.5 | –1.5 |
| **1981** | | 2.0 | | | | 0.2 | 0.5 | 0.5 | 0.6 |
| **Inflation 80** | 14.0 | 15.8 | 17.7 | 16.5 | 17.2 | 19.1 | 17.3 | 15 | 17.6 |
| **Earnings 80 increase** | | 19.6 | 17.2 | | | 15.5 | 16.3 | 15 | 15.9 |
| **Real disposable income incr. 80** | | 2.8 | –0.1 | | | | | 1 | –0.2 |
| **Unemployment 80** | 1.65 | 1.6 | 1.48 | 1.7 | | 1.8 | 1.55 | 1.41 | 1.57 |
| **81** | 2 (MSC) | 1.9 | | | | 2.1 | 2.11 | 1.72 | 1.89 |
| **Productivity inc 80** | | 0.0 | –2.3 | | | –0.3 | | –4% | |
| **Fixed investment 80** | –7% | –4% | –4% | | –4% | –7% | | | |
| **Profitability 80** | | | –59% | | | | –10% | 0 | –37% |
| **Balance of payments current account 80** | £2bn | –£1.85bn | –£1.7bn | neutral | –£.715bn | –£1.1bn | £0.2bn | –£0.75bn | –£0.25bn |
| **PSBR 80/81** | £9.5bn | £9bn | £10.7bn | | £10bn | £10.2bn | | £9–9.5bn | |

AS OUR TABLE shows, all forecasts for the British economy make depressing reading. This year, for the first time in Britain's industrialised history, it looks as though the import of manufactured goods will exceed exports of such goods. According to the London Business School – the most pessimistic on this score – industrial profits excluding North Sea oil will fall by 60 per cent this year and will, next year, be even lower than in 1974. This collapse in profitability, and the squeeze on companies' liquidity, will bear particularly heavily on some companies. Work by Cambridge Econometrics suggests that there will be a 20 per cent drop in engineering industry output in the years to 1983 as a result of the recession. Unsurprisingly, unemployment is expected next year to be between 1.6 million and 1.9 million; the Manpower Services Commission, whose savaged budget the government are partially restoring, is assuming that two million people will be out of work by 1981. All this is combined with a rate of inflation of almost 20 per cent, forecast to fall to 12 per cent next year (compared with the 8 per cent the government inherited from Labour). In brief, for the first time in decades, a British government has contrived to produce what looks remarkably like the final crisis of capitalism. And although capitalism's remarkable instinct for survival may avert the collapse, a useful starting point for an analysis of what is going on in the British economy, is the essential body fluid of capitalism – profits.

A considerable amount of Tory and CBI propaganda has been devoted to impressing on the populace that profits are too low. Within months of gaining power the Tories used the Treasury's *Economic Progress Report* to draw attention to the low level of profitability in British industry compared with its competitors. The economic strategy on which they embarked was bound to make this worse. Falling demand, caused by the world recession and the refusal of the Government to use its spending-power in counteraction, has put pressure on profits. Over-tight control of the money supply, making credit harder and costlier to get, is squeezing profits still further.

Formally, the Tories argue that reducing the quantity of money will reduce the level of inflation. They do not, however, dwell much upon the mechanism involved in the grand design: that is, exemplary bankruptcies afflicting companies which pay 'excessive' wage-claims, and causing in turn a new willingness by workers to offer their services at lower prices. Getting at the workers by ruining a substantial number of bosses is one of those theories which doesn't seem so attractive in practice.

If there is any good time to apply such a policy to an industrial system as enfeebled, ill-managed and uncompetitive as Britain's, it may be doubted whether it is in the gathering-stages of a world recession. Of course, the policy has further aspects to it: especially the idea of weakening 'obstructive' unions. Hence the Employment Bill, and the intensification of the hunt for social-security 'frauds'.

The collapse of recent strikes indeed suggests that some progress is being made in cowing the British work-force.

But there is no sign that these grubby 'victories' have made any impact on inflation. Nor is there any evidence that British managers and investors have been flushed with a new Elizabethan spirit because the richest of them have had their tax bills reduced.

OUTSIDE A TORY cabinet, none of this should come as any surprise. Few of the economic propositions upon which Sir Geoffrey bases his diktats are well-supported by empirical evidence, and some of them are manifestly baseless.

Take, for example, the question of public spending, which according to the Tories' White Paper of November 1979

> is at the heart of Britain's economic difficulties . . . over the years public spending has increased on assumptions over economic growth which have not been achieved.

Demonstrably, this isn't so. The figures, as against the text, of the same White Paper, show that public spending, including the cost of servicing the national debt, fell by 1 per cent between 1974-5 and 1978-9. Over the same period national output rose by 6 to 7 per cent.

In Britain, government spending accounted for 42.5 per cent of GDP during the period 1968-77, which was *less* than in Germany and the Netherlands, and was roughly in line with France and Belgium. Nor has government borrowing been unusually high. At 4.5 per cent of GDP, the Public Sector Borrowing Requirement (PSBR) is roughly the same as



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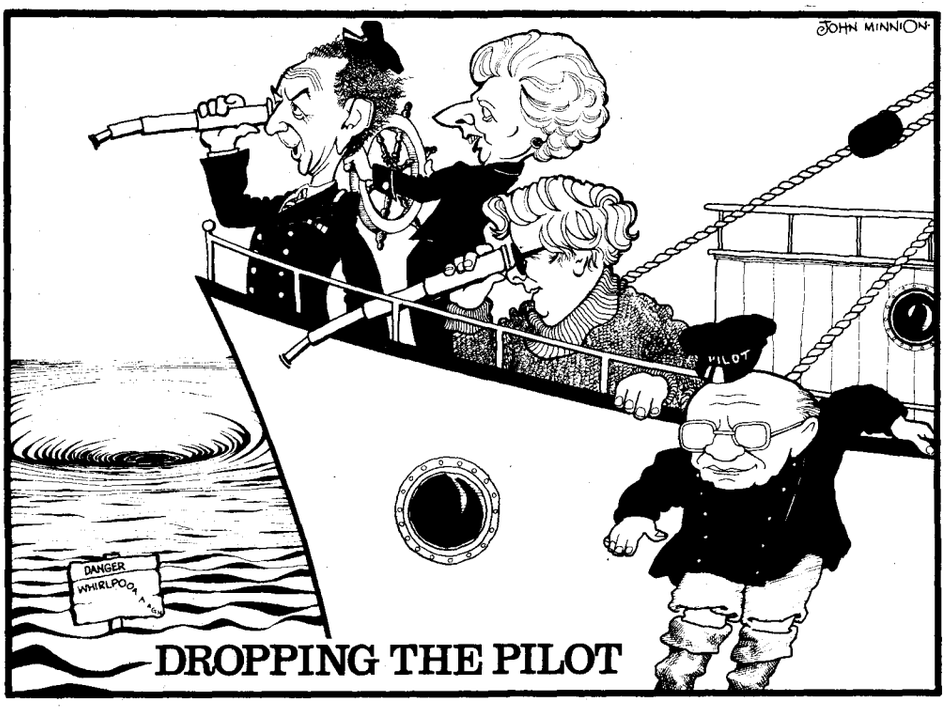


the equivalent figure in comparable European economies.

It is a Tory – or anyway Thatcherite – assertion that government borrowing 'is the major determinant of monetary growth' (words from the White Paper). No worthwhile empirical evidence supports this sweeping proposition. This month's *Economic Review* from the stockbrokers Philips and Drew says

> There is . . . no direct correlation between the PSBR and the growth in money supply, such that the achievement of a PSBR target could generate a given money supply outcome.

And on the Letters Page of this week's NS, Lord Kaldor makes an equally trenchant demolition of the basic assertion.

But then, the evidence for monetarism's basic ideas – that of a strict correlation between money-supply and inflation-rate – is also remarkably elusive. As David Hendry showed in his inaugural lecture as Professor of Econometrics at the LSE, the connection is at best unproven (NS, 23 November 1979). And a recent analysis from the National Institute of Economic & Social Research comes up with a very similar answer by a different route.

The author, David Savage, argues that in the 1969-73 and 1974-76 cycles one could possibly associate inflation with the growth of money supply as measured by M1 (notes and coins in circulation and bank deposits withdrawable on demand), but 'if anything the cycle in M1 growth appears to lag behind the cycle in inflation'. In 1977-8, Savage continues, 'M1 was growing rapidly when inflation was decelerating'.

> If M3 (*M1 plus other bank deposits*) is the preferred definition of money supply, then the most convincing correlation is achieved by assuming a substantial time-lag, of the order of two years, between money and prices. On this interpretation, the very rapid expansion of M3 during 1972-3 is held responsible for the acceleration of inflation in 1974-75. It is difficult to believe, however, that the undramatic growth in M3 of 1967-68 could have produced inflation on the 1970-72 scale.[1]

International comparison scarcely helps the monetarist case any more. In a recent House of Lords debate, Lord Kaldor quoted figures from the International Monetary Fund which showed that between 1973 and 1978 the growth of the money supply in four countries – Germany, Switzerland, Belgium and Britain – was almost identical, at 10 per cent yearly. But the rate of inflation varied wildly, from 4.5 per cent in Switzerland to 15 per cent in Britain.

As underpinning for the central idea in a grand charge aimed at the reconstruction of society, this is thin stuff indeed. Even the lemmings, presumably, had something more to go on.

EVEN SIR GEOFFREY is beginning to shift uneasily from foot to foot. Writing last month to the Treasury select committee, he said

> Lower growth of money income will *ultimately* lead to lower inflation: and the speed at which this occurs depends crucially on expectations in both domestic and external markets, and in particular upon the effects of pay negotiations.

Ultimately, we're bringing you a new tomorrow. (Of course, open-ended terms like 'ultimately' have no useful place in economic discussion, which must deal in actual, reachable values. Ultimately, to paraphrase Keynes, we're all dead.)

Why did the British Tory party embrace pure monetarism so willingly (even if many of them are now struggling to escape the monster's caress)? It is useful to return to Michal Kalecki's essay *The Political Consequences of Full Employment*, written perceptively in 1943. Kalecki, a co-inventor of the Keynesian system, did not believe the comfortable vision in which enlightened business interests would accede cheerfully in the rebuilding of society. Businessmen, he thought, would resist attempts to stimulate demand, and minimise unemployment, even if thereby they were to lose the boom on which their profits must depend:

> Indeed, subsidising mass consumption is much more violently opposed than public investment. For here a moral principle of the highest order is at stake. The fundamentals of capitalist ethics require that 'you shall earn your bread in sweat' – unless you have private means.

And later he writes:

> Under a regime of permanent full employment, the sack would cease to play its role as a disciplinary measure. The social position of the boss would be undermined and the self-assurance and class consciousness of the working class would grow . . . discipline in the factories and 'political stability' are more appreciated by business leaders than profits.[2]

In almost any year between 1943 and Kalecki's death in 1970 this account of the working of the capitalist economy would be treated as hopelessly out of touch with the realities of modern capitalism. But the Tories' enthusiasm for monetarism can only be understood against such a background.

The inspiration for the Tories is the moral rejuvenation of a society – or more precisely a working class – which they see as slothful and greedy. The harsh discipline which exercises on an economy is appealing just because it 'teaches people a lesson'.

GOING ALONGSIDE this crude moralising is a curious lightness, or frivolity of approach. Many square miles of newsprint have been devoted to Tory pronunciations on the need to allow people 'to keep more of what they earn', and to 'restore incentives'. So far, this has not produced any practical result except tax-cuts for a tiny minority of people whose incomes are well above those of the Tories' dearly-beloved 'middle manager'.

If the government were seriously interested in the effect of incentives in the economy, it would have investigated the position of *all* taxpayers. A striking new light has been thrown on this question by an investigation carried out by Professor Mervyn King and Professor A. B. Atkinson. It anatomises the central role which housing plays in the workings of the British economy – specifically, the effects which housing costs have on representative after-tax incomes.[3]

Owner-occupied housing is notoriously well-treated in Britain. Borrowers get tax relief on a large part of the cost (the interest payment on the mortgage) and pay no tax on the capital appreciation. The combined effect of this, Atkinson & King calculate, is that the capital cost of owner-occupied housing is startlingly low. Although the figures are very sensitive to the assumptions made about mortgage rates and rates of house-price increase and their figures are only illustrative, they show that the capital cost of housing, even for standard-rate taxpayers is probably not much more than 2.5 per cent and is, in many cases, negative.

*But for people living in the rented sector, the marginal cost of housing rises with increases of income* – the exact opposite of what happens in the owner-occupied sector, where costs can be offset against tax. The reason is that rent and rate rebates payable to people earning less than £80 per week are means-tested. As income rises, the benefits disappear. The effect is that a married man with two children who earns £50 a week has to increase his gross income by 50 per cent in order to increase his after-tax income by 9 per cent. *To give this*

[1] *Some questions of monetary policy*. NIESR Review No. 1, 1980.

[2] Selected Essays 1930-1970 CUP.

[3] Housing policy, taxation and reform. Midland Bank Review. Spring 1980.



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*man a 22 per cent increase in his net income would involve increasing his gross income by 80 per cent, to £90 per week.*

When a serious proportion of the working-class are entangled in a financial trap of this kind, political talk about letting people 'keep more of what they earn' cannot be anything more than an opportunity for black humour. For many people in the country, the idea of increasing income by sweating a little harder is an economic absurdity.

The fact is that we know very little, in terms of empirical evidence, about how people are affected by economic incentives: certainly not enough to justify the sweeping claims of Howe and Thatcher. The truth no doubt is that economic incentive is one of the complex ingredients that go to make up human industrial motivation. And if that is so, we can be fairly sure that the British tax system eliminates any effect it may have.

A recent article concludes: 'By and large the evidence that has been reviewed places the burden of proof of those who argue that in the UK taxation does not act as a disincentive, especially at the margin. This, of course, does not amount to saying that the evidence about disincentive effects is overwhelming'. (Lloyds Bank Review October 1979)

HERE IS A CASE where the Tories simply follow in Labour's rutted trail.

At the end of 1974 Denis Healey and the Labour government were forced to deal with an acute profits crisis in British industry. The major policy change they introduced was company tax relief on stock appreciation. The effect was virtually to abolish tax on most UK industrial profits.

In the March 1975 *Economic Journal* an article appeared, *The United Kingdom Profit Crisis: Myth or Reality*. It showed that even in pre-1974 terms, the effective tax rate on British companies was only 12 per cent or so. In addition, it argued that examination of profits before interest payments showed that the profit crisis in the British manufacturing sector as a whole was much less serious than generally believed.

It was an article fraught with important consequences for a Labour chancellor who had just made another huge tax give-away to business – and should have realised that, sooner or later, the burden would fall upon the personal incomes of Labour voters. A short report of the article appeared in *The Economist*, and it was brought to Healey's attention by a Labour MP. Healey's reply, clearly drafted by the Treasury, was even shorter. After some traditional nit-picking, it said that any action would have to await the report of the Sandilands Committee on inflation accounting, and upon further Treasury deliberations upon that report. It was, of course, largely the revolt of the skilled working-class taxpayers which demolished Labour in 1979.

The instructive irony is that in each case it is the same economist – Mervyn King – whose work is ignored. Detailed work on capitalist profits is ignored by the rhetorical socialist: detailed work on incentives and income is ignored by the rhetoricians of 'opportunity'.

IN THE IMMEDIATE future, the search for damaging dissatisfaction with Thatcherism can start in the Tory Party – where there are still enough of the Macmillan alumni who feel the best hope for British capitalism is the middle way. Last week in the House of Commons employment debate, Robert Rhodes James defended Macmillan against fashionable denunciations of him in recent reviews of George Hutchinson's biography:

> Mr Macmillan rebelled against the hard faced industrialists of the Tory Party in the 1920s representing lush Southern constituencies – the sort of person Stanley Baldwin described as one who after flicking his cigar ash over the roses to keep off the greenfly considered that he had done a good day's work. That was the kind of person Mr Macmillan was fighting, and such people are not defunct now. I am determined so long as I am a member of this House to ensure that the Conservative Party never walks the path that some people wished it to in the 1920s and 1930s

Before making the speech, Rhodes James tried out the theme on some backbenchers of the Macmillan era who made approving remarks. During the same debate Nicholas Scott expressed similar sentiments, urging a more relaxed view of the government's totem pole the PSBR. And over the past weeks there has been a stream of questions, increasingly hostile, aimed at the Treasury bench.

Stephen Dorrell asked about the impact of the high exchange rate. Robert McCrindle inquired whether the emphasis on the money supply was adversely effecting the government's social priorities. Geoffrey Rippon asked whether the Prime Minister would dispel the illusion that a 17 per cent MLR helps to contain inflation, and has little or no effect on exchange rates. David Knox suggested that there had been too much emphasis on restricting demand and not enough on increasing supply. Peter Tapsell said that nobody would underestimate the importance of the proper management of the money supply – but is it not disquieting that we have such difficulty in controlling it?

There has been a constant flow of such criticism. The question is whether any more organised opposition will develop. As one of them put it – 'We may be wets, but enough drips together can make a deluge.' The occasion which will provoke this meteorological event is still awaited but many of Thatcher's opponents take the view – as does Lord Carr – that she will change her policies if that looks politically sensible. But it may need a big bankruptcy or a massive upsurge of opposition in the electorate to bring this about. However, before that there is the budget. It is now widely believed that something will be done to ease the financial crisis in manufacturing industry – a condition not helped by the absence of foreign exchange controls. The government's difficulty is that company profits are already so low that a cut in corporation tax would be of limited help and then only to the high tax-paying companies which – almost by definition – are those in least need. This suggests that there will be a reduction in the National Insurance surcharge but, as in the past, the only way in which the pressure on business can be alleviated is by increasing personal tax. During the Seventies corporation tax's share of total Inland Revenue receipts fell from 22.6 per cent to 16.3 per cent; that of income tax increased from 65.5 per cent to 77.9 per cent.

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Peter Chippindale

# Countryman in trouble with the DPP

LAST WEEK, Sir Arthur Hambleton, the Chief Constable of Dorset, took the opportunity of his retirement to be interviewed by the BBC. On the subject of Operation Countryman, he said that 80 officers in the Met and City, up to a very high rank, were implicated; the number had 'staggered' him; he expected 20 to 25 detectives to be brought to trial; middle and lower-ranking detectives had been obstructing the inquiry; the DPP's office had made suggestions to the inquiry detectives about what they should do, which they did not like; and he was 'not happy' with the rate of progress. And on top of all that, he said the inquiry would never know the full extent of the corruption.

Having started off with such high hopes, Operation Countryman is now becoming a desperate rearguard action to salvage what it can. So many allegations have piled up that there is little hope of the inquiry expanding its scope and eventually presenting the public with a true picture of the amount of corruption within the police. Instead, what will emerge will be a few examples, probably with enough references between the lines to enable the astute observer to build up a fairly accurate idea of what the whole jigsaw should look like.

The reason for the missing pieces will not be the inquiry team, which is working well under enormous constraints and difficulties, but the Director of Public Prosecutions, Sir Thomas Hetherington, and his 51 per cent rule. Sir Thomas recently rejected four reports recommending the prosecution of six London detectives, even though the reports had been prepared by his own legal officer, Michael Chance, who has been working full-time with the Countryman team since last autumn. It is Chance, presumably, who has been asking the detectives to do things in a way which they do not like – and when it leads to results like that, one can hardly blame them for being bitter.

The trouble with the 51 per cent rule is that it completely misses the other point which the DPP is supposed to take into account: that of the public interest. Sir Thomas readily admits that the calculation of 51 per cent is arrived at by assessing the strength of the defence against the prosecution. Considering the background and training of a police officer, a 51 per cent chance of conviction would be equivalent to a 75 per cent chance for anyone else, whatever the evidence. And when the prosecution witnesses are of poor calibre, which they are bound to be in corruption allegations, the figure goes even higher.

In these circumstances, it is not surprising that the inquiry, judged by results in court, will do little more than expose the tip of an iceberg. And that is very definitely not in the public interest, especially when it is borne in mind that Sir Thomas's decision is nothing to do with the truth of a case, but simply whether it is capable of legal proof. The prosecution of Jeremy Thorpe was made on the 51 per cent rule. Despite all the work that went into it, the jury threw it out in an hour. Nevertheless it was a useful exercise in the public interest.

The DPP has thrown out the cases against six detectives, but nobody has been told what the allegations were, the ranks of the officers, or the squads they came from. As far as the public is concerned, the cases might as well never have been drawn up.

Behind the scenes, Sir David McNee may well be taking disciplinary measures as a result of the information in the reports. It might help if he, like Sir Arthur Hambleton, were a bit more forthright about what was going on. Instead, he condemned Sir Arthur's remarks as 'dangerously premature' which, in the circumstances, seems to be the last thing they were.

Peter Chippindale is a reporter for London Weekend's *The London Programme*.



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**IRELAND**
**Brian Trench**

Mr Haughey's government has already stepped back from the brink

# No need for nuclear power

IRELAND, LIKE BRITAIN, has massively overestimated its energy needs for the future, according to a report out last week. However, the Irish government, unlike Britain's, has already stepped back from a commitment to go nuclear. Economist Susan Scott of the Economic and Social Research Institute suggests in her report* that official projections of energy consumption for 1990 are at least 50 per cent too high. And in a key speech in January, Ireland's first-ever Minister for Energy, George Colley, stated that a nuclear decision might not be as pressing as it had seemed the previous year. A substantial offshore oil find would affect the timing of any decision, he said; there was no question of pre-judging the issue. Ireland needed a balance of nuclear information from socialist countries as well as from the West; and he would be approaching alternative energy sources in a positive frame of mind.

The new Fianna Fail government under Charles Haughey has evidently read the signs. Jack Lynch's adamantly pro-nuclear stance helped him to humiliation at the Cork by-elections — where Fine Gael upset all predictions (and the government) by winning both seats shortly after announcing its 'vehement opposition' to current moves towards building a nuclear power plant in Ireland.

Public opposition to a nuclear programme has been gaining strength steadily and is far greater in Ireland than in the UK. *Energy-Ireland,* the discussion document published by the Lynch government in mid-1978, included very high projections for economic growth and energy demand – and was widely regarded as a rationalisation of the Electricity Supply Board's proposal to build at least one 650 megawatt nuclear power station. In August that year, an Anti-Nuclear Power Show at Carnsore Point, Co. Wexford (the proposed site) attracted 15,000. By the end of 1978, the Irish Labour Party had become the first European member of the Socialist International to adopt an explicitly anti-nuclear stand. And six months later, the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union (the country's largest) became the first major general union in Western Europe to commit itself to opposing construction of a nuclear power station.

John Carroll, vice-president of the ITGWU, picked up his anti-nuclear politics through his membership of the EEC Economic and Social Committee, and has propagated them to considerable effect in Ireland. On 22 March, he will be speaking at the launch of an anti-nuclear campaign within the Irish trade union movement. The small Communist Party of Ireland has distinguished itself among Western European counterparts by voicing its opposition to a nuclear power programme.

In depressed Co. Donegal, where the rumours of commercial deposits of uranium have been gathering force, and where the promise of jobs might have been expected to evoke a different response, nuclear fears have prompted councillors of all parties to call for an investigation of the radiation risks from

**Anti-nuke demonstration, Carnsore Point, Co. Wexford, August 1978**

uranium exploration and the mining which might follow. Representatives of the ESB, who until recently dismissed the anti-nuclear lobby as anti-industry or anti-technology, are now admitting that there are 'social and environmental problems in relation to developing a nuclear station'.

Mr Haughey subscribes personally to the new accent on renewable resources. At his island home on Innishvickillaun, off the Co. Kerry coast, he has installed a 4.5 kilowatt wind-charger imported from France and a solar energy collector using photovoltaic cells. He has even commissioned an engineer from University College, Cork, to research the feasibility of a wave- power installation off the island. (The energy-conscious image is dulled slightly by the fact that all building materials have to be transported to the island by helicopter.)

ACCORDING TO the timetable announced a year ago by Industry Minister Des O'Malley (who held the energy portfolio until a separate Department was created) a public inquiry should now be under way and a decision made within six months. But the decline in economic growth in one year, from more than 6 per cent to 3 per cent, has deflated pressure to fill the supposed energy gap.

The government's commitment to reduce demand further by conserving energy is half-hearted. Susan Scott's report points out that Ireland's taxation policy has been effectively opposed to energy-saving: true, last month's budget put 20p on a gallon of petrol, but only weeks earlier bus and rail fares went up by 20 per cent and there seems no serious intent to restrain private transport. The government is tightly bound to the private, speculative house-building industry, on which it has only recently imposed minimum insulation values – the lowest of their kind in Europe.

In January, the Minister for the Environment scrapped home improvement grants, removing any incentive to insulate buildings. A scheme to provide grants for energy-saving in the home, promised a year ago, has yet to be introduced. Even though it does not have energy-intensive heavy industry, the Irish Republic is fourth from the bottom of the OECD's energy-efficiency league.

THE PRESSURE will continue from the EEC Commission to re-launch the nuclear power programme and encourage (in the words of a recent EEC report) 'political leaders in the public interest [to] explain the facts of the case including the good safety record of the nuclear industry compared with other industries'. In the European Parliament, Fianna Fail MEP Paddy Lalor recently echoed the Commission's view on the central role of nuclear power in solving the energy problems of the Nine.

On the other hand, Ireland's size and position add strength to the anti-nuclear argument. Nuclear scientists such as atom bomb pioneer Dr Eduard Teller and Frederick Julian, a former technical officer with the UK Atomic Energy Authority who now lives in Ireland, believe the smallest commercial size of reactor is still too big for the Irish electricity grid. Economists working for state bodies believe the capital costs are too high for the very small and very tight public purse. The Chairman of the Nuclear Energy Board, which controls all radioactive devices, admits that Ireland could not hope to have the resources to handle an accident such as that at Harrisburg. Yet he considers that Ireland would have to provide its own waste repository – even for the half-ton per year which one reactor would produce – at an additional cost the ESB originally hoped it would not have to bear.

By general agreement, the most western island of Europe has optimum conditions for harnessing wind and wave power, while its damp, temperate climate gives it the fastest growth in Europe of some tree species suitable for energy crops. If John Carroll of the ITGWU and others succeed in committing the Irish Congress of Trade Unions to a policy of blacking any work on a nuclear power project – as they hope to later this year – then Mr Colley could well have to postpone a nuclear decision indefinitely.

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# No proof, so he must be guilty

**Next Thursday the Appeal Court in London will be asked to quash the conviction of Fernand Theberge, a French Canadian who has spent the past two years in Britain as an unwilling guest of HM Prisons. His case shows how easy it is for an innocent person to be convicted and locked away without a shred of proof being produced against him: all that is needed are defence lawyers who fail to do their homework and a judge who misconstrues the evidence. FRANCIS WHEEN reports.**

FERNAND THEBERGE, a French Canadian who speaks little English, arrived at Heathrow airport on 17 November 1977, en route from Montreal to Delhi. While waiting in the departure lounge for his connecting flight he was approached by a man named Gaston Garneau, a compatriot who had recognised Theberge's accent and had decided to introduce himself. The two men were both flying to Delhi, but since Garneau was a smoker and Theberge was not, they travelled in separate sections of the aircraft and did not renew their acquaintance until arriving in India in the early hours of the following morning. Experiencing some difficulty in finding accommodation – it was a Muslim holiday – the two men had to share a hotel room.

The main purpose of Theberge's visit was to purchase jewellery and other goods which he intended to export to Canada and sell there. During the fortnight he spent in India he bought various items of this sort, and also saw a certain amount of Garneau; hardly damning, since they were compatriots in a strange country and might therefore be expected to stick together to a certain extent.

On 3 December 1977 Theberge flew back to London, intending to spend the weekend there before continuing his journey to Canada. After passing through customs, he went to the Holiday Inn Hotel (near the airport), where he had stayed on previous trips to England. He arrived at the hotel at 1.30 pm, left his baggage by the main doors and went to the coffee shop opposite.

Back at the airport, the customs officers were busy. Garneau had travelled on the same flight as Theberge – although, as before, they had been in separate parts of the plane – and at Heathrow he had been taken to a private room by officers James Connolly and David Goulding. Inside his suitcase they found two large packages, wrapped in blue material, which contained 36 lbs of cannabis resin. Garneau made no attempt to deny that he was smuggling the drugs; when charged he pleaded guilty and was eventually sentenced to three years' imprisonment followed by deportation.

Meanwhile Theberge sipped his coffee at the Holiday Inn. It is not entirely clear how or why the customs officers located him – they were going to testify on this point at Theberge's trial, but the judge ruled that the evidence was inadmissible. The other facts are simple enough. Officers Terry, Johnson, Dover and Patten went to the hotel. Terry approached Theberge and, gesturing towards the baggage, which was still by the main door, asked: 'Is this your luggage?' When Theberge confirmed it, he was taken back to the airport, installed in a private room at Terminal 3 and asked to empty his pockets. Customs officer Terry then examined the contents of Theberge's suitcase, and removed a screwdriver and a pair of nail-scissors. Peter Read, another customs officer, takes up the story:

> I took the scissors into the general office first because I was looking for the drug testing kit, and I was told it was being used in another room, so I took them to that other room and tapped on the door. Mr Connolly came to the door and I handed him the scissors and said: 'Will you test these to see if there are any traces on them?' *(Later)* I went to the door again and Mr Connolly handed me back the screwdriver and said 'there is nothing on that'. He handed me the scissors in a plastic bag, and in the plastic bag there were two small filter papers which showed a red response to the cannabis test.

To cut a long story short, Theberge was then cautioned, charged and remanded in custody. After more than six months on remand, his case finally came to Reading Crown Court in June 1978.

BEFORE WE EXAMINE Theberge's trial, it is worth giving a brief account of what customs officers do if they think they have found some drugs. The filter papers referred to just now are part of what is called the BDH Dug Test Kit, made under licence from the Government Chemist by BDH Chemicals Ltd of Poole, Dorset. These tests are carried out by customs officers on suspicious substances they come across in passengers' baggage, but they are only a preliminary stage in the confirmation of the presence of drugs. The instructions issued by BDH Cemicals for the kits make this absolutely clear.

> The main value of the tests lies in their ability to confirm the *absence* of restricted drugs (their italics). Confirmation of the presence of any particular drug is the function of a forensic analyst.

As a spokesperson for BDH told the NEW STATESMAN last week, the test is rather like a breathalyser: a negative reaction shows that the matter should not be pursued, but a positive result does not in itself prove that an offence has been committed. In the *Journal of the Association of Public Analysts* (Vol. 7, 1969, pp 23-30) the test's developer, Mr M. J. de Faubert Maunder, explained that substances other than cannabis would create a 'positive' reaction on the filter paper: mace or nutmeg, for instance, would turn the paper pink. (Cannabis turns it red, the particular shade of red depending on the strength of the drug: there is not enough difference between this and the dark pink produced by other substances to ensure a definite identification.) For all these reasons and more, the test is accepted only as a prelude to proper forensic examination.

The presence or absence of cannabis on his scissors is the crux of Theberge's case, since it is the only evidence which might directly link him with drugs. References to his having seen Mr Garneau in India are purely circumstantial, useful only if one wishes to hint at guilt by association – which is, quite naturally, not a concept accepted in English law. Elizabeth Curnow, prosecuting counsel at Theberge's trial, admitted the importance of establishing the presence of cannabis on the scissors: 'it is the whole of the Crown's case.'

Given this fact, one might think that any semi-competent firm of solicitors would have taken the trouble to make some inquiries about drug tests. Messrs Lynn, Relton and Co., the firm allocated to Theberge when he was granted legal aid, seem to have been notably lacking in diligence in this respect: a single phone call to the Government Chemist or BDH Chemicals would have confirmed that the filter paper tests have no probative value whatsoever. The defence counsel, Mr de Silva, complained that he had been misled by the prosecution into thinking that no laboratory examination had been conducted: the existence of such a test was revealed in a rather offhand fashion during cross-examination of customs officer Connolly, who had carried out the initial test at the airport:

> Q: Just a few questions about this field test. Have the scissors been subjected to any other forensic examination that you know of?
> A: Since then – I believe so.
> Q: What – sent to the forensic laboratory?
> A: I think so, yes – I can't be certain but I believe so.
> Q: Do you know the result of that?
> A: I think it was negative.

Defence counsel said that this new information had been sprung on him, and made it difficult for him to conduct the case as well as he might. But the truth is that if he had been adequately briefed this revelation should have made no difference to his line of reasoning. If there were a negative forensic test (as it turned out that there had been), he should have argued that the presence of the cannabis was unproved; but this is exactly what he should have been arguing even when he believed that no forensic analysis had taken place.

There were, moreover, several additional layers of argument which Mr de Silva should have pursued but was again unable to, because of the defence lawyers' failure to research the case adequately. Most glaring is the suggestion that the field test itself was carried out improperly. BDH's instructions for their tests include the following caution: 'It is not advisable to handle any drug sample because . . . the risks of cross-contamination are increased. Wherever possible handle samples with forceps or protect fingers with a simple barrier, such as a folded filter paper. All instruments must be washed and wiped before and after use to avoid cross-contamination.' When questioning Connolly, who conducted the test, defence counsel did not attempt to establish whether these procedures had been followed, but Connolly's evidence leaves some doubt as to whether he kept to these rules. He admitted, for instance, that he had tested Theberge's scissors in the same room and at about the same time as he tested the slabs of cannabis found on Garneau. In these circumstances the risk of cross-contamination would have been considerable.

When describing how he performed the



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test, Connolly testified that 'you just cover two filter papers in etheral ether and wipe the scissor blade with them, and then you put some powder on to the filter papers and add water. If it turns red, there is an indication of cannabis being involved.' The technical services division of BDH Chemicals told the NEW STATESMAN last week that it would be quite improper to test a pair of scissors in this way. The correct method would be to place a drop of reagent (a chemical used in the test) on to the blade, which should be held directly above the filter papers; the idea is that the reagent drips down the blade, picking up any traces of cannabis, and finally drips on to the paper.

IT WAS thus wrong of Connolly to wipe the filter paper against the scissors (and shameful of the defence not to notice). What is even more disconcerting is that he wiped *both* blades of the scissors while testing. His explanation was that 'I wanted to corroborate the first one in case there is any doubt about it, so you do another test on the other one', but this is pure hogwash since, as we have seen, there is *always* some doubt after a BDH test, and a positive reaction from one blade alone would have been enough to justify laboratory analysis. Of course, a forensic test was eventually performed and proved negative. Connolly's explanation takes some beating:

> There was no trace later on, which would be put down to the fact that whatever was on them was used up on this test that I did on it.

This is what's known as having your evidence and eating it. Indeed, just how thoroughly the prosecution had wolfed down its 'evidence' was revealed at the very start of Connolly's cross-examination:

> Q: Would you take that exhibit – the bag containing the scissors and the test papers. (*Same handed to witness.*) Please take it out of the bag.
> A: There is no test paper here.
> Q: What has happened to them?
> A: I have no idea.
> Q: Is that the bag that the scissors and test papers were in?
> A: I believe so, yes.
> Q: You cannot assist the court as to what happened?
> A: No.

What the prosecution's 'evidence' amounts to, then, is as follows: the only serious forensic test on Theberge's scissors proved negative. An earlier test at the airport allegedly gave a positive result, but this was merely a preliminary test which proved nothing; moreover, it was not even conducted properly. Finally, the filter papers from this test – which were the only items to give even the remotest indication that Theberge might be connected with cannabis – could not be produced.

How did twelve good people and true find Theberge guilty? The short answer is that they didn't: after retiring for over three hours they brought in a verdict by 10 votes to 2 – the smallest majority allowed. Nevertheless, this was of course sufficient for a conviction. A large share of the blame for this attaches to the defence lawyers: had they troubled to do some elementary homework they could have torn the prosecution's flimsy case into a thousand pieces. Part of the blame, however, must be reserved for the judge.

In his summing-up Judge Murchie seriously misdirected the jury about the field test on Theberge's scissors. Although the prosecution and the customs officers had given the impression that the test was in itself proof of the presence of drugs, there had been one crucial admission by Connolly:

> Q: But the test that you conduct, would you accept that it is by no means a conclusive test?
> A: I agree.

The defence did not pursue this point, but it should have been noticed by the judge. Yet in his summing up he failed to warn the jury of it:

> There, says the prosecution, is evidence for you, the jury, to consider: the scissors turning up in the possession of this accused, *showing* that they have been in contact with that drug. (My italics.)

Moreover, the judge never made it clear to the jury that, since this was a criminal trial, the prosecution had to have proved their case 'beyond reasonable doubt' instead of the looser 'balance of probabilities' rule applied in civil hearings. And when the jury brought in their majority verdict, Judge Murchie added a final injustice to Fernand Theberge's treatment at the hands of British law. Gaston Garneau, who had admitted to smuggling cannabis (and, it should be added, had maintained that Theberge had nothing to do with it), was sentenced to three years' imprisonment. Theberge, against whom there was no evidence at all, received *four* years. In his sentencing speech, Judge Murchie said to Theberge:

> I have seen you and watched you, and considered your part in this case. . . I have to weigh up, *on the evidence before the jury*, your part in it. . . It seems to me you played a substantial part in this little enterprise. (My italics.)

After the trial, Theberge's lawyers did not even visit their client to discuss the prospects for an appeal; they said later that they thought there was no point in doing so. Theberge then wrote from prison to other solicitors (Offenbach & Co. and T. V. Edwards & Co.); both firms declined to help. Finally, he wrote to Edwards, Morgan & James of Swansea (where he is in prison), who eventually recognised that there were grounds for appeal, and applied to do so. Next Thursday we shall see whether the Appeal Court is capable of providing justice for Fernand Theberge, or whether it will continue to offer the hospitality to which he has become accustomed during his two years in Britain. He only wanted to stay for the weekend.

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Andrew Jaspan

# Portugal heads for a new crisis

THE PORTUGUESE RIGHT has accused the Left-dominated Council of the Revolution of plotting another *coup d'etat,* perhaps before the annual celebrations, on 25 April, of the 1974 revolution. Prime Minister Francisco Sa Carneiro has demanded a reply from President Ramalho Eanes, who is also Chairman of the Council of the Revolution, confirming reports in the right-wing Lisbon daily *O Dia*, that a military inspired, left-wing coup is in the offing.

The bitter clash between the Council of the Revolution and Sa Carneiro's government stems from the recent rejection of President Eanes's nomination of Captain Sousa e Castro, one of the heroes of the April 1974 revolution, to preside over this year's celebration. The Government is finding that the main obstacle to its electoral programme is not opponents within the National Assembly, but rather President Eanes, the Council of the Revolution and the way in which they are both interpreting the Constitution.

The Constitution, largely based on an agreement between the Armed Forces Movement (MFA) and the political parties in 1976, commits Portugal to a form of socialism. Under its terms the President and the Council of the Revolution, made up of all the chiefs of the armed forces and some members of the (now disbanded) Armed Forces Movement, are charged with ensuring that Portugal remains on a socialist path and that all legislation passed by the National Assembly remains faithful to the Constitution. Otherwise they have the power to declare the legislation unconstitutional. Little wonder Sa Carneiro's government feels so hemmed in.

'We have always been opposed to this Constitution.' says Lucas Pires, a Deputy and parliamentary leader of the Christian Democrats and a leading figure in the Democratic Alliance. 'We are at present working towards changing it.' According to the Democratic Alliance, this is the *raison d'être* of its electoral pact and remains its foremost objective. Pires adds: 'We don't want, through our electoral victory, just to change the name of the government. We want to change the whole structure of Portugal. The constitution is not applicable to the needs of today. It has been bypassed by events and it is unworkable for a government that is not socialist.'

As Sa Carneiro's government realises, any attempts to denationalise the banks and insurance companies and return all lands confiscated under various agrarian reform programmes would mean acting in direct contravention of the Constitution. This allows for changes where there is a two-thirds majority in the National Assembly. But since the Democratic Alliance has only a simple majority it cannot achieve such changes on its own – only with socialist support. However, as Deputy Jorge Sampaio, National Secretary of the Socialist Party's directorate, points out: 'We can't envisage ourselves supporting the Democratic Alliance in any of its attempts to alter the Constitution; it commits Portugal to socialism, why change it?'

Navy Commander Martins Guerreiro, a member of the Council of the Revolution, is quite clear about the cans and cannots of the present government. Though he stresses that the armed forces have no intention of intervening in Parliamentary affairs, he says the new administration must nevertheless respect the Constitution: 'The manifesto of the Democratic Alliance and its legislative programme in the National Assembly must remain two completely different things.'

Major Vasco Lourenco, a leading figure in the April revolution and an influential member of the Council of the Revolution, hides none of his dislike for Sa Carneiro's government. However, 'the people voted for them and we must accept the wish of the people', he says. Guerreiro shares that view. He also believes that the swing to the Right is comparable with fluctuations in any democracy: 'I think that there will be a swing back to the Left at the next election'.

The Parliamentary elections in 1980 and the presidential race in 1981 will, no doubt, cast the die for Portugal's direction in the 1980s. The Democratic Alliance is currently hunting high and low for a tame candidate to run against Eanes next year. 'We must find someone who will help us implement our programme and will also be sympathetic to our plans to change the constitutuon' says Pires. The armed forces have got the message loud and clear. Lourenco says: 'In its attempts to prevent the celebrations being held the way they ought to be, the government is revealing its real opposition to the spirit of 25 April.' But he predicts that the government's actions will backfire. It is already clear that the left-wing parties have realized that there is political capital to be made from the confrontation. Former socialist prime minister Mario Soares has already called for a massive turnout for the celebrations to reaffirm popular support for the revolution. But the Socialist Party has also decided to try to use the occasion to call for a show of opposition to the government and its policies. The Left is now claiming spiritual rights to the festivities and after this year they will no longer be above partisan politics. The battle lines are drawn.



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# A time for pragmatic marriage

**Cambodia cannot model itself on any other country, because its experience has no parallel. ANTHONY BARNETT, just back from Phnom Penh, reports on the dilemmas facing the new administration.**

Anthony Barnett

One of Phnom Penh's three busy markets

CAMBODIA IS COMING BACK to life. The sense of growth is palpable, especially in Phnom Penh, which now has over a quarter of a million inhabitants. Its degree of normalisation, which is not reflected in the provinces, is far from complete, but nonetheless impressive. The city's January 7th Hospital had a death rate for adult admissions of 13 per cent in November last year. Now it is only 3 per cent. What is occurring is so new, in circumstances so unparalleled, that it is impossible to predict the outcome. Certainly Cambodia is vulnerable, like a young plant pushing its way above ground. What will happen if the elements are harsh and unremitting has yet to be seen. Violence could easily destroy it. Will the Vietnamese shield, which has so far protected it, also cut out the sun and stunt the growth it has made possible?

The Heng Samrin administration wants to dissociate itself in every way possible from Pol Pot's. A regime of forced labour, of directed residence, without religion, or trade or a school system, has been replaced by one of *uncoerced labour, decontrolled residence,* religious observation, free individual exchange and a significant education programme. But the most peculiar hallmark of Pol Pot has yet to be reversed: there is still no Cambodian money. Putting banknotes into circulation proved much more complicated than having them printed last year.

The new national currency will have to replace, if it can, five others: the dollar, gold, rice, the Vietnamese dong and the Thai bhat. A lot of trade is taking place with these as the medium of exchange. Both the Vietnamese and Thai borders have been open to the peasant trader. There is a trans-Cambodian bicycle trail. (The whole journey takes about a week: some of the more enterprising Khmer are buying US goods in Thailand, shipping them to South Vietnam, and undoubtedly taking a good profit.) All along the roads there is a steady line of operators, hauling in textiles and cigarettes from the West; bikes, hats and domestic goods from the East.

Never hold gold in contempt. The recent feverish buying of the useless metal on the international exchanges is not without its rationality. Centuries of accumulation have held the Cambodian peasant in good stead. In 1975, when the forced exodus took place, tiny packets were hidden about the bodies of those on the road. Many were buried on the way, and lost. But a large proportion of the evacuees made it back to the village in which they were born or had close relatives, before they were moved on to work-sites. The packets were handed over and buried. No doubt they were one of the reasons why everybody returned to the villages once more, walking across Cambodia, immediately Pol Pot was overthrown. The bikes, the new sarongs, are not the result of aid. They have been bought by Cambodians themselves. Today, in one of Phnom Penh's markets you can pick up, as I did, a pair of J 'King of Freedom' Jeans, from a stall table, with old women gossiping across it. But I had to put them back, I couldn't meet the price. They could only be acquired with the yellow metal, which until now I'd always held in contempt.

Without doubt the Vietnamese-supported administration was in no position to close the borders. It had the military strength, but not the economic leverage to provide the badly needed items, or the food which was also being shipped in from Thailand. But it is difficult to see how a new currency can be introduced into an economy without frontiers. Thus, while the circulation of Cambodian paper will undoubtedly be welcomed by the people, it will almost certainly be necessary to curtail the Thai trade routes, and this will not be popular, especially not with the petty merchants who already dominate exchange.

All the officials I asked were evasive about when money would be introduced. 'Sometime this year' was the general answer. But it seems the administration is hoping to introduce a whole package of measures, dramatically to underline its legitimacy and its sovereignty. The big central market in Phnom Penh is being done up, its layered dome interior repainted. A symbol of the capital's role as a trading centre, it has still to be opened. A new Constitution is being drafted to replace the revolutionary council with a proper state protocol and legal system. Postage stamps have been designed. All may be introduced in time for the Cambodian new year – in April.

SOON AFTER THAT, the rains will begin, movement along the roads, which are in awful condition, will become more difficult, all hands will be needed to plough the fields and plant the rice. While the introduction of money is a crucial test facing the administration in its political and economic consolidation, another, more critical struggle will be to get the main harvest planted. If it is not, if Pol Pot attacks the countryside, with his Chinese arms and American patronage, then another disaster will follow. The international agencies recognise that aid has to be brought in this year, to make up for the shortfall. Next year, their budgets will not allow them to be so forthcoming. Cambodia at present is suffering an acutely harsh dry season, which has brought a very small intermediate harvest. The main crops, which are planted as waters begin to rise and harvested towards the end of the year, will be the key. They will have to provide for the subsequent months, in what has been and should be a surplus-producing country. As one of the most able and energetic of the international experts working in Phnom Penh put it, Cambodia in the coming seasons might hope to reach the level of an underdeveloped country; only then, in 1981, could one think about development.

*Cambodia's present problems evidently do* not have a single cause. The discrepancy between town and country (which is being recreated at the moment) stretches back to Sihanouk. The catastrophe of the American war, which pulverised the countryside and completed the corruption and demoralisation of the elite, is still recent history, which ended only five years ago. The Pol Pot regime imposed its brutal folly on the population, and became increasingly violent and indiscriminate in its use of terror. Finally, his overthrow brought its own train of destruction and terrible economic dislocation. The consequences of this violently layered past differ sharply from region to region. There are no reliable statistics. There are many zones of insecurity, shrouded in secrecy.

The total population is probably close to five million. Experts (if such there can be about today's Cambodia) reckon, for example, that the population of Kompong Cham, the most numerous province, is close to 700,000, compared with nearly a million in 1970. Battambang has about 600,000 inhabitants, down from nearly 700,000 at the end of the 1960s. If the figures for these two provinces were based on the claims of each local administration they would be over one million and close to 850,000 respectively. Extended over the whole country, such levels would put the total up to between 7 and 8 million – certainly far too high. One immediately sees the sort of problem aid agencies and indeed the central administration faces. From the province to the hamlet, people will tend to exaggerate numbers in order to obtain more supplies. Major population losses seem to have taken place in Kompot, Svay Rieng and Kratie. It is now well authenticated that the Pol Pot regime in its last year deported the vast part of the population in the eastern provinces, close to Vietnam, to the interior. Many of them were then killed in mass execu-



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Left: peasants rest after finishing the last field of the dry-season harvest. Right: bride and groom welcome guests to the wedding.

Anthony Barnett

tions. A mounting number of the so-called 'new people', who were deported from the cities in 1975, were also killed in villages across the whole country. But 'old people', that is peasants who remained in the areas 'liberated' by Pol Pot before he captured Phnom Penh in 1975, do not seem to have been killed indiscriminately – although they were subject to punitive execution.

It was Pol Pot's policy to build a greater Cambodia, 'at great leap forward pace', to cite his own hardly original formulation, but his regime did not set out to exterminate everybody. To say this is not to grant him very much, but helps to explain why so many and so much have survived, however broken or vandalised. The ratio of men to women, the absence of children between one and six, have been remarked upon, but not measured. There are orphanages, where there were not before. There are not myriads of small infants on the verge of real childhood, as in other Asian countries. Most of the women in the factories are widows. If the demographic trends of the 1950s and 1960s had continued in Cambodia through the 1970s, as they did in neighbouring lands, there would now be around ten million Cambodians.

AT PRESENT the population is eating, but not enough. Anaemia, rather than starvation, is the major problem. In two months' time existing food stocks will run out over much of the country. Unless food aid is more widely distributed, seed rice will probably be consumed in its place, thus reproducing the cycle of shortages and famine.

Everybody in the aid organisations seems to agree that once rice gets to the level of the Srok, or district, or below, to the villages and hamlets, it is fairly equitably and effectively handed out, as families come in with their ox-carts to collect their share. But getting the rice to the place of final distribution is not easy, and there must still be many villages which have not received aid, or have only seen derisory amounts, since mid-1979.

Before then, the Vietnamese army distributed rice, much of it from its own meagre rations. Had it not done so, there would have been widespread deaths, it is said. One Cambodian told me that the hunger was bad, and that in a fairly remote hamlet in Eastern Kompong Cham he received 50 kilograms of rice aid in mid-1979. Ironically, and tellingly perhaps, he believed it was from the International Red Cross; at the time no Western aid had reached the country. A more precise acknowledgement came from a doctor at the Phnom Penh orphanage, who said that food was first delivered by the Vietnamese 24th Infantry Brigade.

But some time around August-September last year, the Hanoi Army handed over distribution to the new administration. The first civilian convoy took days to travel nervously along the roads, as its drivers felt their way into unknown terrain. The creation of a Cambodian distribution network involves five things. First, the technical means, from lorries to bridges, to deliver aid at all. Second, it involves logistical organisation, from maintenance, to bookkeeping: knowing where lorries are, getting fuel, putting convoys together, ranking drivers, etc. Third, a considerable administrative capacity is needed, to decide priorities, distinguish between provincial claims, send notification of decisions. In both technical organisation and political administration the new regime was extremely inexperienced. Raw, young, shaken and cautious. In a country of extreme scarcity the value of a few bags of rice off the back of a lorry is enormous. Thus, fourth, a system of controlling distribution and preventing theft, however bureaucratic and time-consuming, is evidently necessary. Finally, there is the need for leadership, to get everyone – from the dockers who are supposed to unload in the hot February sun, to the drivers who must bump their way across perilous bridges, to the pen pushers – to work really hard.

The advance in the country's technical distribution capacity has been considerable, from a rock-bottom starting point. In October there was a total of between 100 and 200 functioning lorries in Cambodia, mostly of Chinese manufacture, left over from Pol Pot – thanks to his military strategy of rapid retreat before the Vietnamese main force. Photographs of the old regime's base close to the Thai border, at which the Vietnamese captured Ieng Sary's Chinese passport, show a camp strewn with wrecked trucks.

Today there are nearly 1,200 lorries at the disposal of the administration (compared with 10,000 before Sihanouk was ousted). Malcolm Harper of Oxfam reckons another 1,000 lorries are needed to get the food to the outer villages. The country has extensive waterways and UNICEF is bringing in tugs, barges and motorised barges. Oxfam is hoping to bring in some ferries which will rapidly speed up the crossing time of the Mekong for aid lorries.

The most striking improvement in the country's distribution capacity has been made without the help of western agencies. The railway line from Phnom Penh to Battambang, sabotaged by Pol Pot's forces as they retreated, is now open again, its bridges repaired. In less than two days, a train load of between 500 and 1,000 tons can reach one of the main rice-growing areas of Cambodia. Battambang needs 20,000 tons of seed rice by April, an almost impossible target for transportation along 300 kilometres of smashed road. Battambang's harvest may well be the key to success or failure in 1980, but getting the seed rice there is not the only obstacle. Few of the tractors in the area are functioning, and many of the draft animals have foot and mouth disease, while the local administration lacks the means of preventative innoculation.

IN KOMPONG SPEU, just off the country's only good road, which is also the main aid artery from the port of Kompong Som to Phnom Penh, the provincial hospital is in poor shape. It has no running water, and no mechanised water delivery. It has no qualified doctor, and the nurse who is in charge seems somewhat overwhelmed. Some of the wards housing its 250 patients still have no beds. Nobody seemed to know the present mortality rate. The contrasts in this hospital of huts were very sharp. The province is famous for its sugar palms, and in the grounds an agile, splendidly muscled man, with slightly graying hair, was nimbly mounting the tall trees to collect the sweet brown juice in his bamboo containers. In the maternity ward a woman had just successfully delivered twins: the aura and exhilaration of childbirth was about her, it seems universal. When people know what they are doing, they can do it to the full. The medical staff, on the other hand, seemed out of their depth and demoralised. All they could do was ask for help.

There is an avid desire for schooling among Khmer youth, after the years of agricultural labour, when children worked the fields. UNICEF officials accept that at least 700,000 children are in classes, however rudimentary. Every village has set up a school of some sort. One can see 'open classes', from the road, in the grounds of vandalised pagodas, and the figure of 35,000 at school in Phnom Penh seems quite plausible – children with plastic satchels are a common sight. However, there is virtually no secondary education in the country, because a whole generation has missed its initial formation. Will those who had no education during the war against America and then the Pol Pot years be able to catch up, or will they be permanently disabled?

One of the strangest things about Cambodia is the juxtaposition of Phnom Penh and the surrounding countryside. No real active relationship yet exists between the two. In part this is a problem inherited from the Sihanouk years. The vandalism, the shattered buildings, the gutted remains of villas that have been fired by the impromptu cooking of new inhabitants, make the city look like parts of Eastside New York. Despite this the town retains a stunning beauty, its wide, tree-lined avenues are more modern and less worn than Hanoi's. A great deal of recent building remains, including fine houses, hotels, and

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government offices, many of them far better furnished than in the Vietnamese capital.

The wealth which built this city, which had barely 100,000 inhabitants before the Second World War, most of them Chinese and Vietnamese, was extracted from the countryside. Every provincial governor had his Phnom Penh villa, for example. With the exception of the French-owned rubber plantations, Cambodia had no concentrated natural resource, such as oil, to fund the modern construction work. One of the reasons for the hatred of the city, displayed by the poor peasants of Cambodia and exploited by Pol Pot, stemmed from its onerous impact on the countryside. Usury and corruption extracted the rural surplus, drove peasants into debt, and for the first time created a significant landless class in a country which is relatively underpopulated. Two of the younger officials I spoke with, now holding significant posts under Heng Samrin, came from landless, peasant families.

A comparison with Vietnam is instructive, as it indicates some of the problems which lie ahead. Phnom Penh is not like Saigon, which was created in its present form (with still over two and a half million inhabitants) by a vast infusion of American largesse. The US war helped to preserve Phnom Penh as an island apart from its surrounding countryside. And across the countryside the US air assault helped to destroy what wealth there was in the villages. Oxfam set out to count the number of intact brick or concrete buildings in rural areas across Cambodia, and gave up when they found none. Primarily, this is the legacy of US bombing.

In North Vietnam, the contrast between town and city is simply the reverse of what was the Cambodian relationship. Hanoi is worn, tremendously overcrowded and starved of construction and housing projects. But the countryside is wealthy with accumulated savings, and brick houses are going up everywhere; there is far more living space and more food. The Vietnamese leadership relied upon the political commitment, and unity, of the urban elite to follow Ho Chi Minh's patriotic socialism and sacrifice its material deserts. This enabled it to follow a relatively relaxed policy towards the peasantry, without forcible extraction.

It seems inconceivable that a similar pattern could now be reproduced in Cambodia. Even the *laissez-faire* policy adopted towards Saigon will not be applicable in Phnom Penh. To stabilise an administration there, in today's conditions, demands the rapid creation of a level of urban life that in turn means a pattern of consumption considerably better than in the countryside. Already the legal rations of the Phnom Penh functionaries have outstripped those of Hanoi. Last week all employees in one major ministry were given five generously sized tins of Hungarian goulash and some Hungarian cigarettes: wealth indeed, but small compensation for the tension and insecurity of working in Phnom Penh.

WEDDINGS ARE ANOTHER SOURCE of additional rations, and they give a revealing glimpse of life in Phnom Penh today. A lot of people are getting married. One young man I spoke to had taken a wife three months ago at the suggestion of distant relatives – all he had left. They brought together two orphans, so that they would have some family support, from each other. He seemed pleased with the arrangement. At the same time the marriage released food into the community, from the employer – inevitably a government ministry. I attended one wedding of a couple who are nurses in the dispensary run by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. This itself is significant. Each ministry protects its own, and provides a GP service for a staff chronically prone to illness. The two announced their intention to the ministry protects its own, and provides a GP regime banned or directed marriages and prevented lovers from conducting a romance. Therefore the benediction and patronage of unions is a strong point of the new regime.

By Khmer custom, the marriage celebration is held at the groom's home. Nobody brings presents now, because nobody has them. But the ministry lays on a substantial feast. There were over 200 people present, with soups, meats, fish paté and plenty of rice as well as a pineapple wine recently manufactured in the alcohol factory. There was a large band, electric guitars and traditional drums, and traditional as well as western dancing. Such celebrations continue well into the small hours, despite the fact that there is a curfew at 9.00. The one I attended was interrupted by a city-wide power cut, at 8pm: 'Bad luck for the marriage', I was told, with traditional Khmer fatalism. The same night there was another wedding at the Ministry of Fisheries. Someone with reasonable connections could attend one a week. Obviously, it is wasteful and unfair to duplicate a complete medical dispensary in every ministry when provincial hospitals can lack almost everything, and to provide largesse to those already in receipt of a reasonable ration, when there are villagers with much less only a day's drive away. On the other hand, the security and reassurance provided, however strained, is a priority to stabilise the administration – the very people whose sense of purpose is needed to get the aid lorries moving at all. Despite the government's efforts, there is a constant haemorrhage of the surviving elite (French-speaking in the main, but with a surprising amount of English) to Thailand and the West.

Provided that Phnom Penh's wealth comes from aid, especially from the Communist bloc, consumer goods and a wide range of foods will not depress the standard of living in the countryside. Nonetheless, it is in the countryside that productive investment is most needed. There are forty factories now operating in Phnom Penh, with an average of over a hundred employees. It is policy to encourage artisan production, from sewing to bike repairs. But it will be some time before such activities can hope to produce enough to support a population of nearly 300,000.

Pol Pot declared that the countryside would be turned into a 'checker-board' of vast square irrigation canals, with a regular square field system in between. And it has been. The rural panorama is a monotonous pattern of right-angled lines, and square paddy fields, from the road, from the air, in province after province. A country where there was little irrigation before now has plenty. Too much, people say, as many of the canals are useless. To realise that the endless earthworks were thrown up in only three years, during the dry season when the earth was hardening, and the sun was very hot is to see how the people groaned. Two cubic metres a day was the minimum requirement, to receive a ration of thin rice gruel. The big fields certainly grew rice, which was stored in impressive brick and timber granaries. But the ubiquity of complaints about the rations, full of graphic detail, make it beyond doubt that large sections of the population suffered cruelly not only from forced labour, but also from a deliberately inadequate diet: the precondition for Pol Pot's brilliant achievement of exporting rice.

Richard Dudman, a correspondent for the St Louis *Post Dispatch*, who was one of the few Western journalists to visit Pol Pot's Democratic Kampuchea, concluded that 'one of the world's great housing programmes' was under way. There was indeed some building. Brick kilns from the Pol Pot years can be seen in Kompong Cham. There is a Pol Pot housing estate on the road to Kompong Speu. The houses are small and grouped together in straight lines, again like the 'checker-board', which is in sharp contrast to the dispersed arrangements of traditional Khmer habitation. Dudman praised the way concrete bases were being used to support the stilts of the houses, raised above the annual flood level. But Cambodians I spoke to insisted that this was an innovation of the Sihanouk years.

Who will now own the land? Peasants have begun to farm small private plots. Freshly constructed but very primitive bamboo and wattle huts are surrounded by newly sown vegetables, especially along the Mekong where there is water. But the paddy fields themselves are being worked by production solidarity teams, on a co-operative basis. There is no evidence that land will be distributed. Rather, the collectivisation of the fields will probably be preserved by the new Cambodian government, with their control passing from the national state to village level. How the peasants themselves respond to this new system will be critical in determing the level of rice production. People say that 'the Cambodians do not want socialism'. But they usually refer to members of the elite already trained in Western ways who show a marked resistence to collective enterprise. It is impossible to establish through an interpreter, in present circumstances, before planting has begun, how the villages and hamlets will respond. Will they support Phnom Penh, if the city continues to be relatively unproductive?

The last harvest may have been very small, but for perhaps the first time in living memory it was not subject to expropriation. A major incentive to peasant labour, the absence of taxation will not enrich the towns if it continues as policy. Then, the still visible splendours of Phnom Penh may seem to rebuke the new inhabitants for their penury.

In many ways the relationship between the city and the countryside defines the quality and values of every society, and determines its stability and growth. Behind the recent history of Cambodia's terrible suffering lies a long tradition of extreme imbalance and inequality between urban and rural life. The French peopled the towns with Chinese and Vietnamese. Sihanouk redoubled the colonial rate of extraction from the peasantry. The Americans cut off Phnom Penh with air power. Pol Pot emptied it completely. Today the capital is still an urban island. It is no longer empty or inactive but it remains as tense as a forced smile. The long-term reconstruction in Cambodia demands something quite new in its history: to replace a relationship of antagonism and exploitation with a balanced affinity between Phnom Penh and a land well endowed with sun and water.

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*NEXT WEEK: Security and the Vietnamese.*



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POLICE STATE

# Isolation in Prague

**The Czechoslovak security state continues to behave in character. Perhaps in response to Julius Tomin's article in our pages last week, or perhaps because portions of it were broadcast to Czechoslovakia by the Czech service of the BBC, pressure on him and his family has grown.**

**Dr William Newton-Smith is Fairfax Fellow in Philosophy at Balliol College, Oxford. He describes below the events which led up to his own deportation. Since then, Tomin has been visited again by the Prague police and, although he at first refused to accompany them without a warrant, he did consent to an interview at the police station when this was given a proper legal standing. The interview was unpleasant and unnecessarily protracted, but at the time of publication Tomin remains a free man.**

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I HESITATE to write of my own treatment at the hands of the Czech secret police last weekend, because what happened to me was mild and unimportant compared with the continual harassment of Julius Tomin, his family and his students. Of course one ought to protest against the deportation – which, I have subsequently learned, can be legitimately effected only for reasons of national security under the United Nations covenant on human rights. Equally one should draw public attention to the fact that in preventing my talk in a private flat the Czech authorities violated the Helsinki agreement. But I relate my experience primarily to convey a sense of the determination of the Czech secret police to isolate Julius from all contact with academics from outside Czechoslovakia.

Before departure from Amsterdam airport last Friday I bought a copy of the NEW STATESMAN. My thought as I saw the front page and the article by Julius was that there would be problems over the weekend, probably beginning on arrival. However, I was passed quickly through customs and immigration without any inspection or questioning. After checking in at the Hotel Albatross I went to Julius's flat. He had, minutes before my arrival, been served with a summons for himself, his wife and his eldest son to appear on Monday at the central police station. It was not, he thought, connected with his article in the NEW STATESMAN. He did not believe that retaliation would come so quickly.

The purpose of our meeting was to discuss philosophy, and within minutes that became our sole topic of conversation. I have never encountered someone with so much dedication to philosophy that actual and impending problems of the magnitude facing him were simply set aside. For the next five hours we had an intense, non-stop discussion of the problems of perception and the nature of logical truth.

We met the next morning to continue. This time the topic was the nature and point of philosophy. He explained that because the pursuit of philosophy was a dangerous activity for his students, they would want to learn why I did philosophy and what I thought it might offer them. His lively conversation, lunch at a restaurant with magnificent views over the river and the absence of any obvious signs of surveillance made the personal harassment he suffered seem for the moment something deceptively remote and unreal.

I had given him a long paper on the philosophy of science which was to serve as the basis for my talk that evening. In order to be able to translate effectively a talk on a subject with which he was unfamiliar, he wished to spend the balance of the afternoon studying my paper. Calling at his flat that evening at six, I was impressed by the grasp he had on what was for him a totally new area of philosophy. He had found the questions raised exciting and we went off in good spirits to the seminar, discussing as we went the nature of scientific progress.

WE ARRIVED at the flat where the seminars are held at 7.30 pm and I began my talk on the rationality of science. The eager, concentrated attention of the dozen students created an intellectually exciting atmosphere. Their interest was infectious and I was looking forward to their reactions. But only fifteen minutes of my talk had elapsed when two secret police entered the room, accompanied by a dozen or so uniformed police. While the uniformed police took the names of students, the secret police came directly to me demanding to see my passport. When I produced it, one of them pocketed it unexamined and indicated that I was to go with them.

I asked why. In his limited German, he said that this would all be explained at the station, where someone spoke English. I remained seated and asked Julius to act as translator, trying to discover if I was being arrested and, if so, on what charge. When I did that, the secret police became agitated and grabbed me under the arms, making it clear that I would be taken by force if necessary. I considered resisting arrest but decided that if resisting arrest should itself be grounds for deportation, they would use that to deport me without declaring their real reason.

My copy of the lecture and my notebook were seized and I was taken into the next room to collect my coat. Julius came out to try to talk to me; this was not allowed. I last saw him as I was taken by force out of the room. He was bruised and cut. With bleeding hands he took up his copy of my paper and read out the balance of my lecture to his students.

In a convoy of three police cars we went to Bardolomesjka, the secret-police headquarters. It is a massive building, the complexity of which only Kafka could describe. A bewilderingly long walk, mostly through darkness, terminated in a room in which three secret police began an aggressive interrogation.

They made a determined but unsuccessful effort to obtain the names of other people I knew in Prague, and to get me to agree that I had come to assist the Chartists in some direct but unspecified way. Why, they asked rhetorically, did I think I could give a lecture while on a tourist visa? A more senior officer was called in. His style was not to question but to offer 'advice'.

I was to tell academics at Oxford that they were free to visit Prague as tourists. They could not deliver talks and could have no contact whatsoever with Julius. If they wish to lecture they are to apply to the Czech government for an invitation to address the Academy of Sciences. Gesturing to the photographer busily engaged in recording my face from every possible angle, he remarked that all border crossing points would have my picture in future and if I returned there would be constant surveillance. If I were to meet Julius – whom they called 'an enemy of the state' – there would be trouble for both of us.

I WAS ASKED if Julius would go to Oxford. Replying that this was not a question for me to answer, I was informed that they knew the contents of the Master of Balliol's letter inviting Julius to give the Vaughan memorial lectures this year. It was then said with great emphasis: He will go. From this one can only conjecture that their intention is to increase the pressure on him until he agrees to leave the country.

After two and a half hours, it was formally announced that my visa had been cancelled and that I was to be deported immediately, on the grounds that I had given a lecture without permission of the Czech authorities. It was said that because all flights out of Prague had been grounded by the weather I would be taken to the German border by car.

My notebook and a copy of my lecture were to be retained. My initial reaction was to refuse to allow them to keep these, but then I reflected that I had come to promote the free discussion of issues in the philosophy of science and I decided that there was no reason to deprive him of the chance to learn my views of the controversy between Popper and Kuhn. As I was taken out of the room, the senior official was listening to the translator render to him the start of this lecture on the rationality of science.

The trip to the German border had its comic aspects. I sat flanked by two of the secret police in the rear seat of the car as we drove through the night in a blizzard. We stopped at a village outside Prague to deliver the translator to her home. We drove on. There was an animated discussion in Czech, after which we turned round and drove back to the translator's house: they needed to borrow her map. Nonetheless they managed to get lost three times. One of the secret police made a lengthy, boastful speech about the superior qualities of their Russian car, whereupon it broke down. With the aid of my pocketknife they were able to make repairs, but it took half an hour, during which they became irritated with each other's incompetence and required the consumption of my duty free whisky to restore their equilibria.

At the border the secret police were met by a contingent of uniformed police, and together we waited fifteen minutes while it was ascertained that the Germans would admit me. My passport and luggage were returned to me and I was set walking down the hill to the barrier on the bridge. Climbing the barrier, I walked to the German post.

Although the experience of arrest and deportation at the hands of the Czech secret police is unpleasant, it is unlikely to involve physical harm or lengthy detention. Every effort should be made to continue these academic visits. To cease now would mean that the Czech government had succeeded in its attempts to isolate Julius Tomin.

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# Merseyside Diary

☐ Since the police pay rises the Merseyside force has no longer suffered from a staffing problem. So I am a bit puzzled that it is taking more than eight weeks to decide whether to prosecute someone for the rather quaint offence of 'loitering on a zebra crossing', to *use the police wording, or merely caution him.* I declare my personal interest in the matter since it is yours truly who awaits word from Merseyside's A Division. It happened on 9 January, around 10.50 in the morning. I emerged from Liverpool's friendly Co-operative Bank, stone cold sober and sufficiently in funds to justify a cup of tea and piece of toast at a small cafe just across the street. I started out on the zebra crossing outside the bank. Halfway across a car passed behind me, perhaps a shade too close for comfort but certainly close enough to prompt me to glance back. It was a police car, and my glance was fleeting. (From an early age I have known you never looked long at a prospective yobbo or a police officer: the first was liable to poke you and the second to get suspicious.)

Moments later the police car did a U-turn and pulled alongside the pavement. Out climbed a sergeant. 'What were you doing a dance on the crossing for?' he asked. Your astonished diarist denied any gyrations. I can hardly manage on a dance floor, let alone in broad daylight on a zebra crossing. The sergeant ended his remonstrations with the warning 'Just behave yourself in future.'

The police car drove off, only to return almost immediately. Out jumped the sergeant and a uniformed constable, with words to the effect that 'Right, we're having you'. The PC warned me that I had been 'loitering on the zebra crossing' and they wanted name and address, etc. They declined my offer to adjourn to the station for a more detailed statement. 'We don't want to take a big long statement, you can save that for the court,' said the PC.

My first reflection is that Merseyside police are considerably overstaffed with officers who have nothing better to do. My second is that if I had been loitering on the crossing, I'd have been knocked down. Guess who by?

☐ Fool isn't perhaps the word I'd choose to describe Colonel Richard Seifert, the architect of Centre Point. But who am I to quibble with the biblical caution that says he who builds on sand is a foolish man? And, in any case, I'm happy enough to let everyone know that Seifert will be doing just that if he persists with plans to site the world's tallest building somewhere along Liverpool's disused South Docks. The madcap scheme is to erect a 150-storey glass and polished stone tower, one-third of a mile high. At such a great height gale-force winds and something known in the trade as anodic sway – a fearful-sounding prospect – present enormous problems. To those difficulties add another – sand. Lots of it. Samples taken from around the proposed site show evidence of considerable alluvial deposits – silt and sand to ordinary folk. One view is that there may be 2-300 feet of the stuff left there thousands of years ago by a passing glacier. Hopefully, those shifting sands will be enough to save Merseyside from the Seifert eyesore.

☐ I opened the *Liverpool Daily Post* the week before last to discover a Mr Wrayford Willmer sounding off about the steel strikers and urging the government to reply 'loud and clear all day and every day until all the people understand what a lot of nonsense it is . . .' The author's name may not have jogged too many people's memories, but Captain E. Wrayford Willmer, OBE, JP (Ret'd), to give him his full title, was proprietor and editor of the *Birkenhead News* during the Thirties. Birkenhead was frequently the scene of violent clashes between police and unemployed workers in the Depression and for that, and little else, has earned a small place in the history books. I see from looking back through the old files that Wrayford Willmer's newspaper played its part too, and the former proprietor's spots haven't changed much since.

As Birkenhead's unemployed demonstrated in their thousands against the Means Test the *Birkenhead News* goaded them with its editorials. 'Long live the Means Test', it trumpeted. The newspaper's approach to the events of the day is one still echoed in today's press. Take these examples: 'The outcry against the Means Test,' said the *News*, 'is being raised by socialists and by agitators of a more extreme variety' . . . 'Every honest penny that is being diverted into the pockets of the unworthy is to be grudged' . . . 'The Means Test which has already been responsible for that glorious and memorable slaughter of the "dole brides" is welcomed by every fair-minded citizen.'

The paper wanted reinstated 'that sense of family dependence and responsibility which an age of pleasure, frivolity and lack of parental discipline has well-nigh crushed . . . There shall be no indolent leaning upon the dole or other forms of relief if work of any kind is available.' Now where are we hearing all this again?

Of one demonstration the *Birkenhead News* reported, almost triumphantly, the 'batons were wielded to good effect by the police, who scattered flying ranks of the mob in all directions, leaving about 50 of them lying screaming and shouting in the road'. Wrayford Willmer tells me that during the Thirties his newspaper was 'completely neutral'.

☐ If there's one subject on which today's newspapers are prepared to swallow and regurgitate more humbug than any other it's scroungers, malingerers, and layabouts. But only, of course, when they belong to the social security species.

When Poor Law Prentice announced the DHSS's plans to enlist hundreds more snoopers to harass the innocent in the search for the guilty he knew the mileage he could command in the press. But I wonder how much trouble he took to find out where his department is really losing money. I doubt very much if his senior civil servants dwelt very long on one group of losses incurred last financial year by the DHSS. It crops up in the small print of the recently published government accounts.

The section is headed 'cash losses due to irrevocable overpayments of Supplementary Benefit'. It starts by listing fraud – £3.2m. in 1978/79. Then losses due to 'mistakes by claimants' – £3.8m. (hardly surprising if you consider the way civil servants torture the language on their forms). Then comes the interesting bit. 'Other causes' – mainly 'official error' – total £4,632,505 (an inability to understand their own forms perhaps?). In 1977-78 losses due mainly to 'official error' came to £3.9m., exceeding frauds by more than £1m. The snoopers could start by putting their own house in order first.

☐ FA Cup fever is raging on Merseyside as supporters of both teams pray that Everton can somehow overcome Second Division West Ham to meet Liverpool at Wembley. *The question on everyone's lips is what price a* ticket? But there is one other Merseyside occasion for which tickets are proving even harder to obtain. Entrance to the press gallery at the Jimmy Kelly inquest, which opens in a week's time, is by ticket only and a fine old scramble is developing. By dint of vigorous negotiations the NEW STATESMAN has obtained entrance, even though we were not on the original guest list. So far, however, BBC TV, ITN, and Granada TV have found themselves out in the cold, and the NPA, allocated only ten tickets, has had requests for twice as many from national newspapers.

The cause of this chaotic state of affairs is the Sefton Coroner's refusal to move the inquest, the centre of national attention, to larger premises offered by the local council. Coroners are very much a law unto themselves, but if the teams of QCs, junior barristers, solicitors, witnesses, press and public (not to mention the Kelly family) are to be saved from hopelessly cramped and inadequate conditions, isn't it time someone from the Lord Chancellor's department or the Home Office had a quiet word with the Coroner?

☐ Public opinion airs itself in many ways. After the death of Liddle Towers, Newcastle football fans berated patrolling police with the chant 'Hey Diddle Diddle, who killed Liddle?' Now Liverpool fans have come up with their own black humour. At the recent home game against Ipswich the Kop watched as four PCs carted off a fan from the crowd. Spontaneously, thousands of voices broke into song to the tune of *Guantanamera*: 'There's only one Jimmy Kelly, one Jimmy Kelly . . .'

**Rob Rohrer**

# This England

**Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.**

☐ The chairman of the West Midlands police committee yesterday called for the trimming of 'candy floss' items such as education and social services so that more money would be available for the police. – *Guardian* (J. R. Soames)

☐ The Queen was urged yesterday to give a title to Princess Anne's son, two-year-old Master Peter Phillips. Otherwise, it was claimed, he might develop an inferiority complex. – *Sun* (Russell Holmes)

☐ Mugabe may be a Marxist but his English is a joy to hear. Many of our own politicians could learn a lesson from his diction. – Letter in *Evening Standard* (G. Godolphin)

☐ Len Burbridge, aged 49, of Mays Road Teddington, found drunk near Richmond police station, admitted the offence when he appeared before Richmond magistrates on Wednesday. Fined £10, he told the court: 'I was in a worse state than this country is.'. – *Richmond and Twickenham Times* (Eva Tutchell)



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# LETTERS to the EDITOR

## Out of joint

*From Don Aitken*

It is a pity that it should still be necessary to point out to such advocates of 'clear-minded enquiry' as Ms Sankey (NS 7 March) that the difference between cannabis and white bread is that no one has yet suggested that the consumers of white bread should be prohibited from indulging their perverse taste for this dubious substance under pain of criminal sanctions if they fail to comply. The debate is not about what indulgences are acceptable to the inhabitants of Highgate but about the reasonable limits of criminal law enforcement in what are essentially matters of taste. Granted further research is necessary, but further research is no substitute for action on the research results we already have – and research papers on cannabis appear at the rate of more than one per day. But, as the South Australian Royal Commission on Non-Medical Drug Use pointed out, 'legislative responses to . . . cannabis use . . . may be affected more by such things as the social status of users and the values and perhaps prejudices of more politically powerful groups in the community than by a careful consideration of the evidence . . .'

Sr de Figueiredo, by contrast, draws attention to a real problem, but how much support is likely to be forthcoming from third-world countries for his proposals to abandon the 'superfluous' cash crops which are often their only substantial sources of foreign exchange? It is important to understand what is happening now in such countries as Colombia. According to the ANIF study 80% of the price paid by American consumers for Colombian marihuana is retained in the USA. Of the 1.4 billion dollars actually reaching Colombia no less than 83% goes to the exporters (estimated to number less than 90) as against 8% to the producers. This is capitalism in its most extreme and uncontrolled form, as is inevitable in an illegal market. No legal system of distribution could conceivably be so exploitative. One of the most heartening aspects of the Amsterdam conference was the extent to which a group representing consumers in developed countries expressed their dedication to the concept that cannabis producers have rights too. The two groups, having suffered in their different ways under the system of international prohibition, must not allow themselves to be separated now. It was in this spirit that ICAR extended its invitation to the workers of the producing countries to make their voices heard before it is too late in the international debate which will determine who gains economically from the end of prohibition. In terms of human rights and freedom from arbitrary interference we will all gain – and that is no negligible thing anywhere in the world.

*Legalise Cannabis Campaign,*
*2 Blenheim Crescent, London W11*

## Information wanted

*Elvis Costello:* Anecdotes, reminiscences and other biographical material.
*Paul Williams, 94 Quantock Road, Weston-super-Mare, Avon*

*Telegrams:* for a book of interesting telegrams.
*Angus McGill & Kenneth Thomson, 4 Alwyne Villas, London N1*

*Sir Edwin Lutyens:* letters, drawings, photographs, furniture, memorabilia, relating to Sir Edwin's life and architectural work in this country and abroad, for an exhibition to be held at the Hayward Gallery in late 1981.
*Colin Amery, c/o Arts Council, 105 Piccadilly, London W1*

*John Singer Sargent:* any biographical information.
*Stanley Olson, 1e Montagu Mews North, London W1*

### Correction

An unfortunate error crept into my television review last week. A reference to Fay Weldon *'wailing* over Jane Austen's literary grave' should have read *'walking* over . . . '. *Eric Paice*

## Acceptance world

*From Helen Baehr*

Anne Karpf is right to question the mobilising power of Radio 4 (NS 29 February). Recent daily phone-in programmes on how to cope with the cuts displayed a noticeable lack of advice to listeners on how they might fight against them instead.

*Polytechnic of Central London,*
*18/22 Riding House Street, London W1*

## Labour history

*From Jack Dash*

I have read with some astonishment the articles on Labour history. There was I, thinking that the great issue today confronting our brothers and sisters in the movement, was our fight against monetarism, but it appears that I was wrong, as I read that the key issue today is Althusser v. Thompson. Labour history is one of the best weapons that the people have, but, with all due respect, if you are going to write about working people, why don't you ask some workers themselves? And why don't you contact the movement's own institutions, such as the Labour History Museum? It seems that these so-called experts hide their lack of knowledge of what makes ordinary men and women tick in some strange linguistic code. I hate to think what they'll write when I'm dead and gone. Perhaps I didn't know what my true motivation was. Obviously class struggle is too simplistic a reason.

*96 Lutham House, Newport Street, London E1*

## Economic building blocks

*From Professor Lord Kaldor*

If a 'neo-Keynesian' economist really exists who believes in the complete nonsense attributed to him by Professor Minford (NS 29 February) he ought to be struck from the register and deprived of his designation. There is no such thing as a long-run 'equilibrium level of output' fixed by 'the stock of labour, the (internationally fixed) cost of capital and production technology' – except as a figment of the imagination of some non-neo-Keynesian economists. Whether an area (such as Warwickshire) or a region (such as Scotland), a sovereign country (such as Britain), a community of nations (such as the EEC) or a Continent (such as North America) accumulates capital fast or slowly, increases its effective volume employment fast or slowly, depends entirely on the growth of the demand for its products. A faster growth of demand for the products of any region will increase the supply of labour both through immigration from other regions and through the transference of labour from low productivity (including unemployment, open or disguised) to high-productivity occupations. It will accumulate capital faster both through the reinvestment of increased profits and the inflow of capital from less successful areas; and this in turn will accelerate the improvement in technology. It is in the *short-run*, not in the long-run, that 'supply-side factors' such as steel capacity, electric generating capacity, etc., and/or the availability of skilled labour, are capable of setting a limit to production, irrespective of demand. But in the long-run there is no such thing as an exogenously given 'output potential'; it all depends on the path actually followed as determined by the success of the 'economy (whatever it is) in attracting external demand for its products.

Nor is there such a thing as an exogenously determined 'money supply'. A 'continuous growth in the money supply' at high rates *reflects* inflation but it does not *cause* inflation. If this were not so, why did not the present Government stop inflation 'at a stroke' (as Mr Heath promised that he could in 1970) by stopping the growth of the money supply altogether; or, better still, by *cutting* the money supply by, say, 10 per cent annually, thereby confounding 'inflationary expectations'?

It is a pity that Professor Minford does no empirical testing of generalisations even in fields where it is possible to do so with a high degree of exactitude. Had he done so he would have found that for the UK for the period 1971-78 the correlation coefficient (called $R^2$) of the equation relating the change in the money supply (M3) to the PSBR as calculated by an electronic computer comes out at precisely 0. Calculated to four decimals the result is $R^2 = 0.0000$. (Copies of the computer print of the regression equation (including graphs) can be obtained, by enclosing 10p and a stamped-addressed envelope, from The Secretary, Department of Applied Economics, Sidgwick Avenue, Cambridge CB3 9AD.)

So much for the *empirical* basis of the proposition that the PSBR *'determines* money supply growth and inflation'.

*King's College, Cambridge*

## For creches

*From John Akker*

We would like the opportunity to comment on the article 'Squash not creche' (NS 1 February). The Association of University Teachers has constantly fought, like other campus organisations, to expand nursery and creche facilities where there was demand and finance available locally. We would have liked greater freedom, not less, to finance these facilities. Many universities also wish for the same degree of flexibility. However, the latest circular from the UGC makes the situation far worse, since universities cannot use any income from government grants, fees, endowments, etc. What else is left?

Universities are being told, and we quote, 'the only criterion of need would be that of students not of staff, since the provision of creches is not a normal condition of employment'. Can the UGC say where this leaves a woman who has come to the university to work and now sees this facility denied her? We will be opposing the policy issued by the UGC and will be seeking the cooperation of the EOC and other campus unions in this. We cannot see why the provision of nursery and creche facilities cannot be left to be determined locally. After all, aren't universities supposed to be independent, self-governing bodies?

*AUT, 1 Pembridge Road, London W11*

## Fixing up addiction figures

*From John Shirley and Danah Zohar*

David Clark's gratuitous remarks about 'mistakes and distortions' in our article in the *Sunday Times* (NS 24 February) cannot go unanswered. Clark knows the impossibility of accurately quantifying the number of narcotic addicts in this country. The figures vary wildly from 4,900 registered with the Home Office in 1979 to guestimates of between 20,000 and 50,000 emanating from a variety of official agencies.

During our research, we talked to all the official bodies, to seven doctors in drug dependency clinics, workers in six separate street agencies, three private consultants and addicts themselves. Unofficially, government sources acknowledge that at best only one in four addicts register with them; some doctors thought that of their patients only one in eight was registered; others put the ratio as high as one in ten. That would produce a real addict population for 1979 of 19,600, 39,200, or 49,000 (working from the Home Office base figure) depending on whom you chose to believe.

The trend of Home Office registrations has shown an average growth rate of 15.25% since 1976, and is generally acknowledged to be rising. Even held at 15.25%, however, this would produce a minimum figure of 22,589 addicts for 1980 or a maximum of 56,472, depending again on the base figure you accept. In the light of this, our unofficial current estimate of 40,000 addicts seems eminently reasonable. We are comforted by the fact that it was viewed as such by authoritative figures we talked to in the field.

*Sunday Times, 200 Grays Inn Road, London WC1*



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**FIRST PERSON**
**Arthur Marshall**

# Pass the spuds

Under a headline which read, and how accurately, POPULAR POTATO, the *Daily Telegraph*, ever first in the field with All The News That Matters, announced to its startled readers on February 27th that 'the average Briton ate 2108 lb of potatoes last year, seven pounds more than in 1978.' This works out at somewhere between what we call a short ton (2000 lb) and a long ton (2240) and kindly don't expect me to have any truck with that awful foreign word 'tonne', which sounds like somebody pronouncing 'one' as 'wan' (it will be, as far as I am concerned, tons and yards and pints and miles till the day I die). Although know-alls will, when they see that figure of 2108 (mathematics has always been a bit of a bother but this seems to come to nearly six pounds of potatoes per head per day), hasten to claim that this is a misprint for a mere 210 lbs a year, a piffling intake of healthful starch, I prefer to regard 2108 lbs as being the correct figure, blindly devoted as I am to the deliciously nutritious tuber.

Although my mother knew what was what in the way of good straight English food and ordered and supervised it to perfection, at home and in my youth we were never very adventuresome with potatoes. They arrived boiled. They arrived mashed. On Sunday evenings they arrived in their jackets. New potatoes made their bow gleaming with butter and lavishly parsley-sprinkled, and a joint of roast beef reached the table with, naturally, roast potatoes clustering round its base, like youthful servers round a lordly and well-liking Bishop. Sauté potatoes appeared on rare occasions (that foreign adjective was suspicious) but that was about it. Any attempt on the part of the cook to branch out and dish up something relatively simple such as potatoes *Lyonnaises* (roughly the same as sauté only with the tasty addition of chopped onions) would not have pleased my father. 'What are these, may I ask?' On being told that they were called *Lyonnaises* and were therefore a French invention, he would have refused them. One knew all about France, thank you very much, a country where nobody washed, where the tin, kerbside gentlemen's retiring-places concealed all too little and permitted conversation (*'Ça va, Hercule?'*) with passers-by when the occupant should have been solely concerned with the matter in hand, a country where they lived on frogs and gazed lasciviously at saucy picture post-cards.

But it was of course in France that one first discovered the endless varieties of culinary treatment (there are said to be over 200) that can be applied to the humble potato or, as we are now across the Channel, *la pomme de terre humble*. Before going up to Cambridge in 1928, my father kindly swallowed his dislike and distrust of the French and sent me off, in the interests of education, to spend the summer with a French family on the outskirts of Grenoble. The family consisted of three spinster sisters ('of a certain age', as they tactfully put it) and the food was admirable. Potatoes appeared in all sorts of delicious disguises and to enjoy them there were, with me, five or six resident students hungrily gathered together.

They reached the table in a fireproof dish (and it is to the potatoes that I am referring), layered with Gruyère, flavoured with garlic, moistened with chicken stock and delightfully browned in the oven. They arrived miraculously blended with bacon and leeks and nestling in a cheese sauce. They entered in a savoury mixture of cream cheese, hard-boiled eggs and chives, with parsley sprigs here and there. They came masked with a white sauce tasting of lemon and calling themselves *à la Maître d'Hôtel*. When they appeared in their jackets, you could bet your bottom *franc* that they were not alone and that within their mashed and buttered interiors one would find lurking such excitements as flaked fish or chopped anchovies or diced cooked meat or, surprisingly good, kidneys. Meanwhile, and while munching, one strove to remember why one was there and to enliven the occasion with interesting snippets of chat – *'Dans les pièces de Molière, moi je trouve que . . .'* or, when running short of stimulating *pensées, 'Quel beau jour!'*

And then one sensational day, drama struck (nothing to do with the potatoes, though a single potato did have its part to play). Although we English students had signed on, so to speak, for four months, the European ones supplied by a foreign branch of the University and mainly Swedish, with a sprinkling of Danes, tended to come and go for shorter periods and one day we found seated at the lunch table a girl of, I suppose, twenty with dazzling fair hair and a worldly look to her – a girl, and yet not a girl, if you follow me. We also found frost in the normally cheerful atmosphere. Of the three sisters, one of them, Mlle Alice, was bedridden and permanently absent, but the other two, Mlles Cécile and Berthe, were present and looking daggers. In an icy chill, formal introductions were made – *'Permettez-moi de vous présenter Fräulein Hulda Bendix de Berlin.'* German! By some fearful mischance, a Hun was in our midst, for who, remembering Attila, could think of them otherwise? The war had been over a mere ten years, the sisters had lost a brother, Pierre, and numerous other relations in it and were certainly not going to forget the fact. The meal began in a dreadful silence. Potatoes (I do not now recall how cooked) came and went. Conversation was stilted (I gave, I expect and as was my jolly way, my customary weather report). Hulda finished her glass of wine and, an unheard-of act of effrontery, asked, like Oliver, for more. It was reluctantly supplied, and with a look that would have done credit to the Borgias.

The minute any meal was over, Hulda made for the tram that ran along the bottom of our road and set off for the centre of Grenoble. Why? Ah, why indeed! Meanwhile the implacable sisters continued with their persecutions. They pretended not to hear when Hulda, struggling to learn polite French conversation, spoke. They gave her short commons. They watered, I suspect, her wine. They missed no chance of speaking insultingly of the Fatherland, and a photograph of poor, uniformed Pierre, *mort pour la patrie*, was prominently placed so that it could glare at Hulda. Then news came, I know not whence but perhaps a Swede out shopping spotted her, that Hulda's twice-daily destination was a large and *de luxe* Grenoble hotel. Again, why?

I did not, alas, witness the final dénouement, having decided on that particular evening to go to a performance by a touring company of *No No Nanette*, fully recognisable in French as *Non Non Nanette*, but next day my fellow students hastened to supply me with the breathtaking details. Poor Hulda, her spirit finally broken, had been seen to be tearful for most of the day and at the evening meal was just picking at her food when suddenly the front door was heard to open, heavy footsteps crossed the hall and a very large and angry middle-aged German gentleman burst into the room and let fly, in the language of Goethe but not in his words, a torrent of abuse directed, as they cowered back, at our two hostesses. Hulda's father come to complain, you suppose? Not a bit of it. Hulda's sugar-daddy it was who, anxious to install his mistress in both a Berlin flat and polite society, had decided to provide her with a smattering of French and, what is more, to stay nearby in order to supervise the undertaking and comfort Hulda from time to time, and vice versa. When the shameful situation had become crystal clear to all, Mlle Cécile let out a scream, while Mlle Berthe clutched, a favourite gesture, her heart. And Hulda, in floods of defiant tears, resourcefully picked up a jacket potato and threw it at Berthe (the larger of the two and therefore the better target) but, even with the fine traditions of Krupps armaments behind her, she missed and her missile burst on poor old Pierre, the final insult. You would probably like to know whether the jacket potato contained fish or egg or meat or anchovies but this valuable detail is, I fear, not now available.

**Roger Woddis**

# Mine's a laager

*'South Africa cannot afford the luxury of apartheid in sport and the Immorality Act while the Marxist bear is at our door.' – P. W. Botha, South African Prime Minister.*

How brave is P. W. Botha,
How wise are his words and how just,
And after the recent disaster,
How blessedly swift to adjust!

The races stand shoulder to shoulder
Against the bad news from the North;
Now pass the dark days of unreason,
And something or other shines forth.

Let's talk of a new constitution,
Inviting the tame to take part,
That all the wide world in its wonder
May cheer at the change in our heart.

Let's build an acceptable future
For Coloureds, Mixed Races and Blacks,
And show we have changed our position
By shifting our seat on their backs.

We cannot afford old illusions,
We have to face facts as they are;
God smites us for doing too little,
God knows if we're going too far.

Though some may remain at their wagons,
And others may shudder to share,
The teeth of the African lion
Are worse than the hug of the bear.



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# BOOKS IN GENERAL

Ronald Aronson

# Capturing Hopeless Dichotomies

**Sartre By Himself**, a film directed by Alexandre Astruc and Michel Contat; translated by Richard Seaver *Urizen* £4.95 & £1.95
**Sartre's Marxism** *by* MARK POSTER *Pluto* £6.95 & £2.50
**Sartre** by PETER CAWS *Routledge & Kegan Paul* £8.95
**The Work of Sartre: Volume One: The Search for Freedom** by ISTVÁN MÉSZÁROS *Harvester Press* £13.50 & £4.95

The film *Sartre par lui-meme* opens with Sartre lecturing in Brussels in 1972, formulating the contradiction with which his career concludes. On the one hand he describes himself as an *enfant terrible* of the bourgeoisie who writes élitist works such as his study of Flaubert, which after 17 years he simply cannot give up. On the other, agreeing with the *gauchisme* generated by May 1968, he criticises himself as classical intellectual and attacks both the society and the system of values which make possible such projects as his Flaubert. But he too facilely dismisses the contradiction as stemming 'quite simply, from the present situation'. Since the fabulous and horrendous biography, now abandoned but already more words than Flaubert's entire collected works, is as authentic a conclusion to Sartre's career as his anti-intellectual activism, we are left to inquire elsewhere for the key to Sartre's final split.

These new books reflect, each in its own way, the need to come to grips with Sartre's career at its end. The text of the film is surprisingly the most disappointing. At first blush what could be more appealing than an artfully developed series of discussions between Sartre and intimates Bost, Pouillon, de Beauvoir, Gorz and Contat? Not having viewed the film, I can only speak of the book: flat and uninspired, it is most attractive to avid Sartrophiles or those wanting a media's-eye view of Sartre.

Certainly *Sartre By Himself* contains gems, among them Sartre's account of his Helsinki 'debate' with Lukács about existentialism, de Beauvoir's description of Sartre at the *École normale supérieure*, and Sartre's reasons why he prefers female to male company. But unfortunately those best able to take us beyond what we already know of Sartre *made* a *movie* – they reconstructed his life with one eye on the clock, on the need to cover ground, and on the media-imposed 'danger' of dwelling too long on any one point. Contat and Astruc might have explored Sartre's past more probingly, pushing beyond the 'official' Sartrean responses. Or they might have dwelled on the personal side, more penetratingly trying to render the man as Contat, for example, has done in his moving interview with a Sartre facing the close of his life and work. Instead this travelogue through a life seems too dominated by a formula, traversing briefly and consecutively the main periods of Sartre's career, appropriate questions posed at each point to ferret out appropriate answers.

*Sartre's Marxism*, by Mark Poster, is narrower in scope but deeper in intent. Its purpose is to fill the need 'for a systematic treatment of the *Critique* [*de la raison dialectique*] from a sympathetic point of view which evalutes its contribution to emancipatory social theory'. Poster presents the *Critique* as an essay in neo-Marxism made necessary because 'the traditional categories of historical materialism' fail to account for advanced capitalist society. It is an audacious thesis, calling for penetrating the formidable *Critique* and drawing out its most significant contributions, showing their relationship to Marxism, and finally demonstrating the specific relevance of this text to recent trends in capitalist society and the movements challenging it. While conversant with the post-May 1968 Left and the universe of Marxism as well as with Sartre's career, *Sartre's Marxism* never becomes anything like the close reading of the *Critique* necessary to demonstrate precisely what of its categories are those of a new Left. I believe that Poster rather falls back on his own and Sartre's assertions because the *Critique* is not at all a work of neo-Marxism. It is indeed pre- rather than post-Marxist in spirit, in the unfortunate sense of basing its social theory on the isolated individual who has been lodged at the heart of Sartre's thought since he first set pen to paper.

In the end Poster leaps to a rather startling, if unsubstantiated conclusion: the *Critique*'s message was 'that a revolt against advanced capitalism was possible and that it could take the form of a movement for direct democracy'. On the contrary, Sartre's depressing vision of radical democracy is of an unstable and momentary break with the series of isolated, dominated individuals which is destined to wind up institutionalised all over again. The series has nothing specifically to do with advanced capitalism, but is rather a more-or-less *given* social state. Indeed the *Critique* project fails, as a reading of its second volume will reveal when this abandoned manuscript is published. In spite of its many achievements, Sartre's social theory cannot square the circle of explaining social groupings after rooting them in isolated individuals.

Unlike *Sartre's Marxism, Sartre* by Peter Caws does not share the concepts and commitment of Sartre's writing. But Caws *reads* Sartre, critically and intelligently, and thus succeeds far better in rendering some of the key tensions of his work. Written in a mature and generous spirit by a philosopher rooted in the analytic tradition, *Sartre* shows both the richness of Sartre's work from any perspective and the special abilities of the analytic approach to identify and explore problems that might otherwise pass unnoticed. Caws brings a welcome sense of precision to his task, the heart of which is a close and original study of *L'Etre et le Néant*. Caws stresses the ontological pitfalls of making the for-itself (*pour-soi*) contingent upon the primary in-itself (*en-soi*) and Sartre's solipsistic subjectivity of having each individual for-itself constitute its own objective world. In what I regard as the book's highlight, Caws pinpoints the contradiction of any existentialist 'ethics'. Sartre argues for a freedom which rejects the bad faith of pretending to make commitments for the future, but therefore destroys any basis for establishing moral rules which claim to tell us what we *should* do.

Beside the book's obvious lack of a political-theoretical perspective adequate to Sartre's postwar turn, and of a developmental sense which might illuminate Sartre's growth and its limits, the main fault of *Sartre* is paradoxically that it is too generous. Certainly an analytic philosopher may be respected, and forgiven, for keeping his gloves on when confronting existentialism and Marxism today, for bending over backwards to overcome a history of mutual arrogance and intolerance. But I also wonder if Caws's criticisms of Sartre fail to penetrate more deeply because he accepts Sartre's most significent weaknesses. *Within* Sartre's frameworks Caws does marvellously: but he seems too uncritical of the positivistic immediacy upon which so much of Sartre's thought is based.

Whether in *L'Etre et le Néant* or in the *Critique*, Sartre's main methodological fault is to take the Cartesian *je pense* of the isolated individual as his starting point because it is perceived first – thus rejecting layers of sociality and collectivity whose absence haunts his works forever after. If Sartre's later career, and thus the logic of his development, largely eludes Caws, he has still given us an extremely welcome new look at the many epistemological, ontological and ethical questions of *L'Etre et la Néant*.

None of the books considered so far helps illuminate the final split of Sartre's career between writer and activist, between 'classical' and 'Leftist' intellectuals. When his entire career is explored both in its achievement and its shipwreck it becomes clear that the split is in some sense Sartre's *telos*, the natural outcome of his life's work. István Mészáros, producing one of the most important studies of Sartre yet to appear, seems to be building the basis for understanding this in his concluding volume. This is, however, difficult to see



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for the first hundred pages of Volume I of *The Work of Sartre* as the book drifts interminably through a series of elliptical preliminary reflections which help little in situating or understanding its subject. However, when Mészáros finally turns to concrete study of Sartre's writing the book catches fire, and the last two-thirds of Volume I present one of the most penetrating readings yet of Sartre's early work.

More than any of the writers under consideration, Mészáros *encounters* Sartre: he describes some of the deepest tensions driving Sartre's entire career and shows them both as established in his early works and from the point of view of his later development. In so doing he begins to suggest answers to Sartre's final contradiction.

Mészáros first captures the 'hopeless dichotomies' that are at the heart of Sartre's early writing, including that of the isolated individual overpowered by the oppressive social world. Determined to fully assert both unrestricted human freedom *and* the full weight of contingency and factitiousness, Sartre is driven in *L'Etre et le Néant* into an arduous balancing act. The tension of Sartre's dualistic discourse is so great that it can only be held together through the many metaphors for which that book is famous.

Already in Volume I Mészáros is keenly aware of where this leads: Sartre will remain caught within this philosophical framework as he tries to respond to the dramatic events of the war and after. He suggests that Sartre's conceptual framework itself dooms any genuine social consciousness beyond fragile and unstable moments.

Even the strongest sections of Mészáros's study are not without significant weaknesses. Mészáros treats Sartre as a timeless and socially unconditioned thinker, giving no sense of his relationship with a world that became decisive for his thought. His writing lacks a clear sense of method and direction other than that of rough chronological movement through Sartre's career. His dazzling insights seem to turn up on the page without warning, rather than emerging from systematic and progressive study of the texts in their development.

And while he often, and quite rightly, insists on the whole cloth of Sartre's thought, Mészáros conveys no clear sense of what are the achievements which are so intimately connected with Sartre's weaknesses.

In this period Sartre's great accomplishment lies in his argument for human freedom. At the core of his early work and inseparable from its weaknesses, his powerful insistence that humans make themselves, no matter what the situation, remains Sartre's guiding theme to the end of his career. Its subsequent modifications enrich and deepen, but never reverse, Sartre's most significant contribution to 20th-century thought.

Mészáros may not discuss this but his work is so fresh and engaged, so aware of Sartre and his development at such a primary level, that his faults seem unimportant. If the image with which Sartre's career ends is of the scholar of the interminable and nearly unreadable *L'Idiot de la famille* being smuggled as militant into a factory in the back of a pickup truck, Mészáros helps account for it. Sartre's final political anti-intellectualism and his intellectual apoliticism stem from his inability to get beyond his initial dualisms and, in the end, his final collapse into them.

# A Cherub That Sees Them

## An Open Letter from JOHN ARDEN

Dissident writers harassed by political police are not as foreign a phenomenon as some would like to think. You printed on 1 February a review by the Irish writer Margaretta D'Arcy in the course of which she refers *en passant* to 'the scandal of the H-blocks'. I suppose most people of any sensitivity and understanding would agree that there is such a scandal, whatever their interpretation of its causes. I wonder why, though, there has not been an outcry? Certainly there are many who would think that convicted Irish Republicans must be guilty of the crimes charged against them (ignorance: they cannot have been told of the precise nature of the non-jury Diplock Courts and their bizarre notions of adequate evidence): and no doubt such people would think that bombers and maimers deserve all they get. But it is not absolutely a matter of insular apathy.

If people do not know, it is because pains have been taken to prevent them from knowing. I will offer an example. This is what happened to your above-mentioned contributor, Margaretta D'Arcy, on her way to London from Belfast on 9 January. She had in fact been checking out a few details for her review, among other things, in that literate city: but she had also picked up a number of pamphlets put out on the H-block issue by the politically very diverse committee which has been formed in Ireland to publicise it. At the port of Stranraer she gave her name, address, details of and reason for her journey etc., as demanded by the harbour police. They then looked into her bag – presumably for infernal machines, which she does not carry. But they did find the pamphlets: and she was thereupon arrested under the terms of the Prevention of Terrorism Act.

Now she had been arrested, at Stranraer, once before under the same Act, about a year ago, when carrying the text of a lecture for Belfast University on 'The Role of the Playwright in times of Civil Strife'. They had then asked her was she a member of 'Troops Out'. She had replied, truthfully, 'No': only to be asked, did she *sympathise* with 'Troops Out'? She refused to answer this question and had then been told that for her refusal they would 'lock her up all day' – in the event for four hours incommunicado in a small room, with no further questions put to her.

But when she was arrested because of the H-block pamphlets she fully expected some rigorous interrogation – being well aware that for 48 hours no-one would be told where she was, and that anyway she could be held there for seven days without any charge being laid upon her, and the pamphlets in themselves did specify an obvious *sympathy* . . .

They kept her under arrest for an hour and a half and then let her go without a word.

Now compared with the dreadful treatment of many people under the PTA – for instance Frank Grimes who had eventually to be released on a judge's order because of the appalling medical condition to which he had been reduced; for instance the man in Southampton lifted just before Christmas whose family knew of his whereabouts only when the hospital rang up to say that he had been left like a parcel by police in their acute psychiatric ward for urgent mental patching-up prior to deportation (for which of course they need give no reason); for instance the small boy who came home from a visit away to find the house vandalised and no sign of anybody (the entire family having been arrested in his absence) – I say, compared with such as these, the ordeal of one lady playwright, who is verbally very well able to take care of herself, may appear trivial. But Dr Sakharov managed to run rings of moral and social argument round the whole state apparatus of the Soviet Union for quite a long time, and yet where is he now?

Because we are indeed in the Sakharov area. D'Arcy's first arrest (a lecture and unstated political sympathies) was a clear matter of Orwellian 'thought-crime': and her second was so obviously nothing to do with anything but the inhibition of people who bear written information condemnatory of the British Government and its role in Northern Ireland, that it cannot but call to mind the diligence of Henry VIII's officers (*before* the Reformation) to seek out and eradicate Tyndall's English-language Bibles coming in from the Low Countries. Mind you, the H-block pamphlets were *not* eradicated. They are not allowed to do that – yet. All they are allowed to do – and under the PTA they can do it to their hearts' content – is to make the conveyance of critical print so unpleasant and hazardous that, for very fear, the carriers will give over of their own volition. The greater part of the H-block *samizdat* is a Northern Irish home industry; and its effects are so far more or less confined to Ireland, and one can well see why.

There is no need to worry ourselves that without the PTA this island would be brought to its knees by inordinate and indiscriminate bombing. As far as anyone can discover the PTA has not caught a 'terrorist' yet. The figures of arrests exceed 4,000 – about fifty of them were later charged. A larger number were deported. You run such 'agitators' in, and then out of the country, and all the rest will shut up. And even if you don't actually get them on to the next boat, their experience, and the experience of their families, friends, colleagues at work, parish priests, employers, and friends of their children, during the period of their detention and immediately after, will have been so disagreeable – and, yes, *shaming* – that no-one will dare talk about it, let alone make a public complaint. The inarticulate and the half-educated may not know much about the real causes of the Irish conflict: but they do know what to think about men in their street who have been smeared as probable bomb-planters.

As I say, there are some 4,000 already living as best they can under whatever cloud their particular locality has managed to conjure over them. It extends moreover into the more rarified air of the intellectual magazines. You had the good sense to publish a review Margaretta D'Arcy wrote of an unpretentious but evidently exciting Irish play on the



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H-block issue last year: and one or two of the comments aroused in opposition to it smelled to my nostrils like those lilies that fester far worse than weeds because the Special Branch have been pissing rather too near them. Now I am not accusing the writers of being deliberate felon-setters, or anything gulag-ish like that. I am attempting (a) to keep my temper, and (b) to analyse a particular climate which obtains in this country *at all levels*, and which is rendered tolerable to the enfranchised heirs of 1688 (to say nothing of John Wilkes, Bradlaugh or 'the Winslow Boy') only by careful police intimidation and suggestion and indeed mendacity in the areas where they can get away with it. If the ones who know dare not talk, then the ones who keep them silent *will* talk; and because they are the only ones talking, the ones who don't know will imbibe falsehood; and in due course there will be nothing else. Q: '*Quis custodiet custodes ipsos*?' A: 'There is a cherub that sees them.' And in the present circumstances the available cherubs are all those who have any knowledge at all of what is going on and who are in a position to speak out about it.

Cherubs, oddly, seem in shorter supply here than in Moscow. How fast the western journalists ran to the flat of Sakharov when he was lifted. They were there because a friend of the professor had forewarned them. But if it is our own democratic PTA that is in question, the only thing that sets the press running is when the police publicity office wants gloating and boasting in front of someone's broken-in front door. ('Here we have uncovered the most dangerous murderous hate-ridden *cell* since the days of Titus Oates . . .' etc – and absolutely no evidence presented to anyone.) Whose door next, then? Mine? Yours? Ssh . . .

**Blake Morrison**

# Despondency & Sadness

**Souvenirs** by ROY FULLER *London Magazine Editions* £4.95
**The Reign of Sparrows** by ROY FULLER *London Magazine Editions* £3.95

'We poets in our youth begin in gladness;/but thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.' Wordsworth's glum reflection isn't one that you'd expect Roy Fuller to have much truck with. It's too extreme for someone who, as he admits in *Souvenirs*, has subscribed consistently to 'the rule of the super ego'; and it endorses a Romantic view of poetic development unacceptable to his sceptical and rational temper. And yet the spirit of Wordsworth's remark hovers surprisingly closely to a passage such as this from *Souvenirs*:

> Most of my books are now as though they had never been published – out of print, unlikely ever to be in print again, some novels indeed never achieving sales of more than two or three thousand copies, books of verse with circulations even more exiguous. Such a destiny for my ambitions would have been beyond contemplation in pre-publication days – an irony of Hardyesque proportions.

Not despondency and madness perhaps, but certainly despondency and sadness. However much Fuller may claim, as he subsequently does, to be 'stoic and blasé' about the state of affairs, the regret that he's so little read and the fear that, despite having an impressive body of work behind him, he's no more than a minor, soon-to-be-forgotten versifier, give a piquancy to the recollections of his youth in *Souvenirs*. And the fear and regret also turn up in several poems from *The Nest of Sparrows*, where Fuller with wry but painful amusement reflects on writers 'heroically destined for neglect', and includes himself among them: 'Prujean, "Ephelia", Cutts, Cockayne,/Cameron, Allott, Fuller, Raine'.

It was an astute move on Alan Ross's part to publish *Souvenirs* and *The Reign of Sparrows* together. Though the first is a prose memoir and the second a book of poems, they form two halves of the same sexagenarian drama. There are the same themes: tributes to dead friends and relatives, reflections on music and poetry, and above all preoccupation with age – its destruction of the body ('Bits of me keep falling off;/bits don't work properly') and its surprising consolations ('We lucky old, who seem so far/Beyond the worst of war and love'). The same voice informs both volumes – a voice with many different tones (in turns it is confessional and evasive, immodest and self-deprecating, dry-as-dust and wetly sentimental), but which remains at all times relaxed and chatty, no less so in the poems than the poetry.

Fuller has been called a poet who is 'safe', 'trim', 'tidy', 'conventional' (some underhand allusion to the fact that he made his living as a solicitor often lies at the back of such adjectives), but there's actually a great deal of risk-taking in his poetry's flatness, its eschewal of grand gestures and resonances. Matthew Arnold, Fuller decides at one point in *The Reign of Sparrows*, 'Would think these lines devoid/Of charm, stuck as they are/With the cares of a Philistine world.' But the charmlessness is deliberate, part of Fuller's challenge. The low-key tone and awkwardness, the mass of odd titbits and facts, the endless caution and self-qualification – these are the price you have to pay for authenticity. Fuller has always been fond of, and is nowadays almost tediously insistent on, regular and disciplined verse-forms; yet it's when he's at his most formal that he comes nearest to speaking most openly.

As this might suggest, the relatively informal mode of the autobiography isn't one that particularly suits Fuller: as a 'memoir of childhood and youth', *Souvenirs* has not a great deal of range and is not very outspoken. True, the seemingly key events of his early years are present, principal among them his father's death: Fuller was only eight at the time, and from comparative solidity and prosperity (two maids and a chauffeur), the family was uprooted and suffered loss of status, passing a number of years in various Blackpool boarding houses and small hotels. Fuller himself attended boarding school, but it wasn't a very good one, and he left to become a solicitor's clerk at the age of sixteen.

Though there's plentiful detail in the account (food, clothes, musical tastes, reading habits) and extensive, indeed excessive attention to school friends and relations, much remains unsaid. For this Fuller blames a failing memory (autobiography, he says, is like 'recalling, or trying to recall, riddles'), but there's also a tendency to back away from the emotions surrounding family deaths like that of his father and brother. At key shy-making moments Fuller's 'I' takes refuge in the more impersonal 'one' (of an early girlfriend: 'one was excited to get a beauty of the neighbourhood'). And though in small ways self-deprecating throughout, Fuller doesn't in the end give the impression of searing honesty about painful memories or weaknesses. The faults he concedes often sound suspiciously like virtues, self-laceration like a sly pat on the back: at one point he accuses himself of being 'shy, intellectual, naive to the point of gormlessness (archetypally poetic, one might say)', and at another of 'too great a facility for seeing another's point of view, an almost morbid concern for another's feelings'.

Given that the book is concerned mainly with the early years of Fuller's life, and that he can't in any case take the matter very seriously, it would have been rash to expect from *Souvenirs* any very serious account of Fuller's political development. There are some passing comments on his early socialism (but he 'will not go into details of conversion'), an amusing scene in which Fuller watches from his office a march of the National Unemployed Workers Movement which he had helped organise, and some throw-away remarks about being, nowadays, a 'reactionary'. But the crucial passage on Fuller's politics runs as follows:

> Why one should always want to ally oneself with the underdog is not altogether clear. One is tempted to discount utterly any virtue in the matter: I mean why should trying to see that a certain one-clawed pigeon gets more than its fair share of bread on the lawn . . . reflect creditably on the bread-scatterer?

Anyone who has read more than a handful of Fuller's poems will find the bird-feeding analogy entirely in character. His poetic persona is a great taker-in of birds: whether they've fallen out of nests or are lying half-dead in the road, feathered friends have always been able to rely on Fuller to appear and relieve them of their distress. Fuller implies here that his early socialism was motivated by the same impulse of pity for the underprivileged, but the passage more properly places him within a tradition of liberal humanism, a tradition in which enlightened youthful paternalism almost invariably gives way to the disillusioned conservatism of age. Benevolence in one's back garden is better than no benevolence at all, of course, and throughout both these books Fuller emerges as a decent, thoughtful man. But it seems a pity that the more ambitious, public voice of the early work proved no more than a fad of the time.

## Among this week's contributors:

RONALD ARONSON's *Jean-Paul Sartre: The Politics of Imagination* will be published by New Left Books later this year. He teaches adult workers at Wayne State University in Detroit.

GAVIN KITCHING works at the Centre for Development Studies, University of Wales.

BLAKE MORRISON's *The Movement: English Poetry and Fiction of the 1950s* will be published by Oxford later this year.

PETER SHERWOOD lectures in Hungarian at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies.

STEVEN ROSE is Professor of Biology at the Open University.



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# History Workshop 5:

# A View from the Stalls

## GAVIN KITCHING responds to the writings of E. P. Thompson

TO BEGIN on a personal note. Edward Thompson has been one of the most persistent influences on my intellectual and political development since I first read *The Making of the English Working Class* (1963) in an undergraduate history course. Since that time I have read every new work of history or political/theoretical polemic which he has written, and have gone back to old editions of the *New Left Review, New Reasoner,* etc., to find earlier work. In the course of this exposure, going back now over a decade, I have felt a growing sense of personal as well as intellectual familiarity, much as a historian feels of men and women whose diaries he has combed or correspondence he has followed over many years. I should also add that I am 32 years old, which means that I was nine in 1956, that from an involvement in Labour Party politics which began when I was 16, I was politically radicalised by the events of the late Sixties, and especially by the Vietnam war, enjoyed a brief membership of IS after leaving a university Labour Club and then entered a long period as a non-aligned socialist. I am, I think, a quintessential member of the 'generation' of young socialist intellectuals whom Thompson clearly wishes to influence.

It is clear both in the *Open Letter to Kolakowski* and even more markedly in the recent *Poverty of Theory* (1978) that Thompson sees himself engaged in something approaching a struggle for our souls in which he is a lonely, even sole, voice of reason crying out against the forces of darkness by whom we are perennially being seduced. In a seering paragraph of *The Poverty* we are directly addressed and directly accused

> You are not a post-Stalinist generation. You are a generation amongst whom the reasons and legitimations of Stalinism are, by means of 'theoretical practice' being reproduced every day.

Our latest tempter is Louis Althusser or rather more nebulously 'Althusserianism' or 'The Althusserians' but he, or it, or they, are simply lineal descendants of the positively diabolical duo of Perry Anderson and Tom Nairn. Indeed it was Anderson and Nairn and their 'followers' at the 'new' Paris-fixated *NLR* who were responsible for introducing the structuralist poison into British intellectual life. There is thus posited a clear line of descent linking 'Messrs Anderson and Nairn' to 'Messrs Hindess and Hirst', and all are represented as one generation marked by its inability to break with the intellectual forms of Stalinism and thus with Stalinism itself. This is so, whatever the anti-Stalinist protestations of particular individuals or whatever their sectarian allegiances. For the disease goes beyond sectarian boundaries (Trotskyism is here as much 'Stalinist' as orthodox communism), and indeed beyond broad tactical or strategic positions on the construction of socialism. It is nothing less than a whole way of thinking, about society, about the role of intellectuals in society, and about the relationship between intellectuals and the working class or other human beings in general. This Stalinist *weltanschauung* to which the intellectual 'New Left' in Britain is still attached is composed, broadly, of the following elements:

1. An economic reductionist view of society in general, and in particular of 'class' and 'class structure'. The hallmark of this reductionism is a continued attachment to the base/superstructure analogy.
2. A pursuit of logical rigour and neat, indeed militaristic, conceptualisation at the expense of or (in more recent versions – viz Althusserianism) actually in place of, empirical work.
3. A marked intellectual élitism as a personal and political style which both reflects and reinforces,

4. A continued attachment to a Leninist 'vanguardist' conception of the relationship between the working class and intellectuals in which the former (always conceptualised as an 'it' – this is one of the symptoms of intellectual Stalinism) struggles along under a load of economism, trade union consciousness, empiricism, opportunism and reformism until the latter arrive to pump in some genuine revolutionary theory.

I have constructed this Thompsonian model of the Stalinist *weltanschauung* from a number of sources and particularly from passages in *The Peculiarities of the English,* the *Open Letter* and the *Poverty of Theory*. It is a notion which he has never to my knowledge explicitly articulated, though it is clearly the central antagonist of over 20 years of polemical writing, and it also affects Thompson's professional historical work in a manner which I shall outline later.

However, it is not clear how far all the characteristics of structuralism à la Althusser would be considered by Thompson also to be characteristics of the Stalinist *weltanschauung* as such, though he certainly argues that, for example, structuralism's 'eviction' of human agency from history is the direct theoretical counterpart of the political anti-humanism which marked the Stalinist response inside the western Communist Parties to '1956'. Perhaps the best way to put it is to say that structuralism is recognisable as a variant of the Stalinist outlook in so far as it endorses and indeed sets out explicitly to defend all the latter's essential characteristics, though it may also have characteristics of its own which are not essential to the *weltanschauung* as such. But I have lapsed here into the very reified conceptualisation of disembodied intellectual 'isms' which Thompson so dislikes, and it is time to get on.

I ENDORSE THOMPSON'S view that Stalinism has not been banished from the intellectual and political practice of the British New Left. However, I think it takes a more restricted form than Thompson supposes, principally an intellectual élitism and a related élitism of political practice. Given the total divorce between the bulk of the intellectual New Left and 'the working class' (however defined), the principal sufferers from this élitism are students in higher education on which a form of intellectual terrorism is practised. Were there an effective Leninist party in Britain this élitism would no doubt have disastrous consequences for the practice of such a party and for the prospects of socialist construction on a popular base. Since there isn't, it doesn't. But it is no less pernicious for that.

Secondly, I think that, while historically Stalinism was and is distinguished by economic reductionism and by reified and mechanical concepts of class, it does *not* follow (as at times Thompson appears to suppose) that the use of all economic explanations must lead to such a reductionism. In particular it is not the case (which Thompson certainly does believe) that all explanations which posit material causes of individual or group behaviour hidden from consciousness (i.e. going on 'behind the backs' of human beings) must lead to an élitist or manipulative politics. That there is a connection between the two, and that it has played an important and disastrous part in Marxist political practice, is undoubted; but the connection is



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psychological not logical. There is the ever-present possibility of psychological and emotional slippage from certain forms of materialist explanation to Stalinist politics, and in particular historical conjunctures this has all too easily occurred, but nonetheless, if we attempt to remove such explanations from the legitimate corpus of Marxist thought, the explanatory power of Marxism will be seriously impoverished. Richard Johnson has I think convincingly demonstrated how Thompson's own work has suffered as a result of a self-imposed ban on these types of explanation, and I shall return to this issue later.

Thirdly, I believe that Thompson's method of dealing with the 'base and superstructure' problem and the closely related problem of 'class' is seriously defective. Both problems are real, and both centre around the danger of reductionism. But since there is no logically necessary progression from economic (or as I think it is better to say – materialist) explanations of a 'non-conscious' type to reductionist concepts of 'the superstructure' or of 'class', it is not necessary to throw out such explanations in order to generate others which allow for the autonomous or creative role of consciousness (or as Thompson would prefer 'experience') in human history.

Fourthly, I deeply resent the presumption, which is particularly present in *The Poverty* that all young socialist intellectuals formed since c. 1965 are simply walk-on walk-off surrogates for Perry Anderson, Tom Nairn, Louis Althusser or Paul Hirst. Thus, for example, well before the appearance of *The Poverty,* others among us had seen that Althusserianism was a species of idealism, that it conflated 'empirical' with 'empiricist', that its canons of rigour and notions of 'proof' left it no way to appropriate the real outside thought in any other way than as crude 'common sense'. In short, that its rejection of empirical work and, in some forms, of history in its entirety, followed from its epistemology, and that the latter both followed from and reinforced particular and flawed notions of science. Some of the people who made these criticisms had themselves begun as 'Althusserians', and others while breaking with particular Althusserian positions, yet maintained a great deal of the language. As a result of both types of criticism empirical work has begun to make a comeback on the Left in both historical and contemporary contexts, and purely deductive concepts of truth and scientificity are slowly but surely being cast aside for the much messier but much more productive deductive/inductive dialectic which is at the heart of historical materialism. It might be argued in fact that 'Althusserianism' has disintegrated, and that it had disintegrated even before *The Poverty*. In one view all that remains is a kind of loose hegemony over the language of intellectual Marxism (and indeed over the language of large chunks of social science in general). In so far as this is the case, then Thompson's intervention is still timely, and his plea for us to remake Marxism in the English intellectual idiom has some merits to it. *But he is not alone in desiring this.* Certainly Thompson's account of the battles over 'socialist humanism' in 1956 helped me to see the point of several polemical passages in *Pour Marx* and in *Lire le Capital* which had always struck me as both puzzling and pointless. But this is the point. I *was* ignorant of this political context, and so were many younger members of the CPGB, and this did perhaps make it easier for us to be taken for a ride. But this very ignorance also made it possible to do what Thompson seems never to suppose that we could, viz use Althusserianism, or bits of it, for our own purposes, and those purposes were primarily a long and still very incomplete battle against Stalinism within the Party. In particular the much-abused concept of 'relative autonomy' could be used to argue for a much less economistic political practice, for a Party politics embracing the young, the unemployed, women and blacks, while at the same time a demand for intellectual autonomy on the basis of a rigorous Marxist 'science' allowed more space for exploration of sensitive themes – the nature of the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, and the role of Stalinism in the history of the British Party, being just two of them.

AS A MATTER of fact there *was* an almost total overlap between Althusserianism and a more open critical stance among Party intellectuals. That stance, which has already produced one split in the Party, and which still presses the CPGB to go further in coming to terms with its own past (including '1956'), and with the facts of the past and present in the international communist movement, may be thought inadequate by Thompson, but if he had been at all informed about it he could not have doubted the 'progressive' role which Althusserianism has played within it. And this is so, whatever the personal political history of Louis Althusser, and whatever the role of Althusserianism in the CPF.

The coincidence of theoretical Althusserianism with anti-Stalinism within the CPGB, together with its possibly different role within the CPF, is a reminder of an intellectual commonplace which Marxists of all persuasions are apt to overlook, which is that theoretical positions very rarely entail political positions. Indeed very commonly the same theoretical positions coexist with a wide variety of political positions, including directly opposite ones, i.e. one may get from identical premises to totally opposed conclusions, particularly if the premises are highly abstract and can have very different implications depending upon how they are instantiated or concretised. Despite a tremendously subtle (indeed unrivalled) understanding of the social psychology which underpinned Stalinism as a mode of political practice, Thompson himself has not lost the Stalinist tendency to derive political perspectives, or rather the political perspectives of opponents, rather mechanically from underlying theoretical positions. He has a tendency to suppose that a repeatedly observed *coexistence* between certain theoretical positions and a Stalinist political practice means that if the Stalinism is to be got rid of, then the theoretical position has to be abandoned. Now I do not wish to say that these coexistences in the minds and activities of real people in real situations (1956) are 'just contingent facts' which might have been otherwise, i.e. that those who supported the official line on Hungary within the CPGB in 1956 might just as easily have argued from socialist humanist premises to pro-invasion conclusions. But the connections one is looking for here are largely, perhaps totally, psychological and emotional connections not logical ones. A certain conception of Marxism makes it psychologically and emotionally easier to take up certain political positions. Most obviously and notoriously a view of Marxism as the 'correct' science of history makes it easier to justify imprisoning and killing millions of people on the ground that the science shows that this is right because historically inevitable. But equally obviously this, however true, is not in itself a satisfactory logical refutation of the notion of historical inevitability.

I would further argue that the base/superstructure analogy, and indeed all similar structuralist analogies of a hierarchy of social relations, are basically misleading, and ought to be abandoned as part of the central epistemology of Marxism, even though Marxists will always need to have partial resort to such analogies for certain purposes (as they have resort to functionalist explanations for certain purposes). I believe, with Thompson, that Marxists need concepts of class (and indeed human) consciousness which allow for active human agency, i.e. the *active* (and therefore varied) appropriation of the world through socially formed individual experience. However this does not entail the abandonment of Marxist political economy, i.e. of the analysis of the underlying material social relations which are formed and operated unknown to, or only partially known to the individuals whose activities have given rise to and sustain those relationships. In order however both to maintain the discourse of Marxist political economy and to avoid what is, understandably but misleadingly, referred to as 'reductionism', it is important to maintain and develop Marx's notion of the difference between the 'essence' and 'appearance' of social phenomena, which difference lies at the root of any meaningful notion of a science of society.

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**A. S. Byatt**

# Keepers

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**Ideals and Idols** by E. H. GOMBRICH *Phaidon* £9.95

*Ideals and Idols* is the fifth volume of Professor Gombrich's collected essays. These papers, many of them formal lectures, have been grouped together because they deal with values in the humanities. They have a clarion and polemic tone. They declare that civilisation cannot survive without a tradition of shared values derived from accumulated knowledge. They examine, sceptically and minutely, the ways in which we classify our knowledge, attempt to share it, or proclaim our beliefs.

The first five essays deal with 'Values in History', and include an exploration of possible ways of liberating culture from explicit, or implicit, Hegelian assumptions that a *Zeitgeist*, or *Volksgeist*, is working out purposes which the historian can note as manifest in art, religion, technology, politics. Gombrich has, he says, a 'low tolerance' for Hegelian determinism, and includes a spirited analysis of German wartime propaganda broadcasts, Hegelian in the sense that the leaders of the Third Reich believed that History was on their side and working with and through them: if they should be defeated, Goebbels declared just before his death, 'the Goddess of History



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would be merely a whore . . .'

Not a whore, Gombrich says, an intelligent recorder. In 'The Logic of Vanity Fair' written in honour of Karl Popper, he takes as his starting point a passage in *The Poverty of Historicism* where Popper, rejecting Hegelian spirits and neo-Marxist dialectics as approaches to social history nevertheless discerns a gap where they operate, a something to be described which might be approached through 'the logic of situations' and beyond that, through 'analysis of social movements'. Gombrich offers us a brilliant, witty, and detailed 'application of the tool of situational logic to some recurrent problems of the history of fashion, taste, and style'. He ranges from Swift's Big-Endians and Little-Endians through the problems of self-definition of a realist artist in a period of abstract art, through the reactions to the innovative use of iron in architecture to Picasso's shaving habits.

He advocates also the preserving and extending of a fund of 'general knowledge': the humanist, he tells us, is traditionally valued because he knows a great deal, the scientist because he makes discoveries. While he is curious about scientific method and the use of the social sciences in cultural history he is fundamentally concerned to reiterate the value of 'learning' in every sense of that word.

The discussion of 'Values in Art' returns insistently to the central question of whether, and if so how, we construct a 'canon' of great art around which we then arrange, and in light of which we see, the historical, didactic, aesthetic and moral value of lesser works.

He has, he says, 'always hoped to show that the study of art should be conducted in a rational way' – and it is rational, not irrational, to consult the humanist art historian, the 'keeper' of the canon which offers 'points of reference, standards of excellence which we cannot level down without losing direction'. He is aware that he is laying himself open to 'the suspicion of that worst sin in this year's calendar, the sin of élitism'. In a correspondence with Quentin Bell, published here, he modifies some statements as Bell argues that the canon shifts too frequently to be useful as an absolute standard: but it is Bell in the end who comes to agree that 'the canon is a fact of intellectual life', and that 'art history is concerned with nothing but value' even if it is concerned to devalue old idols and discover new excellence.

There is, both in this correspondence between professors and throughout the book, a particular interest for pedagogues and academics. Gombrich is tough-minded, broad-minded and punctilious. Thus, in his defence of general knowledge, he is fiercely hostile to many habits of study and its organisation which he likens to Bacon's Idols which hindered the progress of science. He distinguishes idols of quantity, novelty, 'the age' and the 'idola academica' of the territorialism of recognised 'disciplines'. ('Quantity' is pseudo-scientific accumulation of data, irrespective of value, 'novelty' is 'originality' at the expense of truth or importance of discovery, and 'the age' gives us chic or fashionable methodologies.) 'We simply cannot afford this degree of professionalisation if the humanities are to survive at all', he declares roundly in 'The Tradition of General Knowledge'. In 'A Plea for Pluralism' he argues for many methods – scientific, sociological, psychological – to study art. He requires an intellectual flexibility that constantly seeks new paradigms of study.

But he dislikes intensely something he begins by calling 'cultural relativism' – the belief that because there can be said to be a plurality of cultures in our society any man's view is as good as any other's. He tells a student that it is immaterial if she dislikes Raphael's Cartoons: he is horrified by a teacher at the Institute of Education who tells him that children should not have their likes and dislikes influenced because they have a right to their 'own' view. This he describes initially as 'extreme relativism' and later redefines as 'radical subjectivism', a bogus and depriving overvaluation of individual 'creativity'. *Art and Illusion* began because Gombrich would not accept that it was morally *wrong* to teach children to copy Raphael or to want to do that. He uses psychology to study how we learn to recognise and make images. From the primary school child to the great humanist, the Aby Warburg whose library is Gombrich's ideal intellectual microcosm, he values curiosity, knowledge and learning. He is a truly learned man, and his book is a paradigm for those hopeful of learning from him.

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**Jules Lubbock**

# Quest for Style

**The Aesthetics of Architecture** by ROGER SCRUTON *Methuen* £12.50 & £6.95

Modernism in architecture is dead, and, since it was really the last of the great 19th-century styles, longstanding assumptions about the nature of architecture and of the experience of architecture have perished with it.

This calls for a serious re-examination of architectural theory. Two of the best attempts have been *Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture* by the American architect Robert Venturi, which appeared in 1966, and David Watkin's *Morality and Architecture* of 1977. Venturi applied literary theories of ambiguity to architecture, not as an aid to appreciation, but as a weapon in his polemic against 'the puritanically moral language of orthodox Modern architecture. I like elements which are hybrid rather than "pure", . . . I am for messy vitality over obvious unity.' His liking for complexity arose from his awareness of the difficulties of reconciling the different requirements of a building. David Watkin attempted to expose the modernist fallacy of a causal connection between good moral purposes and good architecture, and the historicist view that the only architecture which mattered was that which expressed the spirit of the age.

They are now joined by Roger Scruton's important book. It is, however, so ambitious as to be unwieldy. The author, a philosopher who loves architecture, wanted to contribute to the debate by defining architecture more rigorously, as one of the practical arts whose aesthetics are those of everyday life. This he has done with great success. But as an aesthetician he also wanted to extend to architecture his theory, developed in *Art and Imagination* (1974), that aesthetic experience differs from our workaday knowledge of the world, and that its essence lies in the contemplation of ambiguous patterns.

The burden of Scruton's case for architecture as a practical art is that, like dress, it does not merely furnish such necessities as protection, or serve as a livery or uniform, but that it also moulds the style of our behaviour as we go about our business. Part of his attack upon modernism is that a mechanistic conception of providing useful spaces 'will succeed only in alienating men from the ensuing product'; as when the dons using the Sainsbury Centre have to crawl upon their hands and feet to unlock their office doors. Until constructional honesty became an over-riding consideration, architects devoted the greatest care to the means by which their buildings could facilitate a desired pattern of behaviour, and make life convenient and delightful. Alberti discussed the design of staircases which would not be fatiguing to climb, and the curvature of streets which would afford the finest prospects of the buildings set along them. Such concern should not be confused with ergonomics, since, as Scruton points out, it took account of the style of our actions. Alberti's staircases are not for people to bound up two at a time, they enforce dignity in climbing.

Scruton rightly argues that style in this sense runs far deeper than appearances. Style, dictated by taste, is inseparable from our deepest moral values. To cater for and help to form a certain style of life is, in short, the conception of a humane architecture which we are offered.

In the re-establishment of these architectural principles he envisages a role for an architectural criticism modelled upon the procedures of F. R. Leavis and I. A. Richards. If architecture moulds experience, then the test of successful criticism lies in its capacity to persuade us to experience the building in a particular way –'This is so, isn't it?'

But here a major problem arises. Presumably by analogy with poetry visual ambiguity is placed at the very centre of architectural experience. But does the analogy work? Clearly some kind of ambiguity is central to the experience of some buildings, such as the lobby to Michelangelo's Laurentian Library, where the architect wished the scholar both to feel humbled when he entered and raised his eyes to the threshold of knowledge, and to feel ennobled in the course of being transported up those graceful stairs. But such ambiguity is more than purely visual, arising from what Venturi might call the complexity of an architect's purposes, his obligations to the difficult whole. Scruton's notion of ambiguity is too arty, and it is at odds with his convincing definition of architecture as a practical art.

A further problem arises when we consider applying the ideas concerning style to architectural practice. The Albertian ideal of a tailor-made architecture is simply not available to most people today, who have to adapt off-the-peg buildings to their tastes as best they can. If style is as deep-seated in our lives as the author suggests, then to have imposed upon one a stylish architecture, in a style not one's own, will be profoundly frustrating. Is this the point at which the architectural critic should step in to persuade people 'to experience the building differently' when they complain that they don't like being overlooked, or that they desire gardens of their own? How are stylish architects, any more than func-



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tional ones, to cater for the unfathomable tastes of their anonymous clients – or are the clients expected to adapt to theirs?

Nonetheless it is a great achievement to have made a serious case for the importance of style in architecture and for taste in general; and to have presented it so that it stands independently of the author's personal admiration for classicism. It deserves to have a wide influence.

**Steven Rose**

# Free Will and Molecular Man

**Piaget** by M. A. BODEN *Harvester* £8.50 *Fontana* £1.25
**Pavlov** by J. A. GRAY *Fontana* £1.25
**Intelligence: An Introduction** by D. W. PYLE *Routledge* £5.25 & £2.95
**The Mental as Physical** by E. WILSON *Routledge* £14.95

'What's matter – never mind; what's mind – no matter', runs a vulgar jingle that most psychology students come across in their first year, reflecting the hoary old dualist paradox that has bedevilled western philosophy of mind and psychology at least since the days of Descartes. The rise of materialist science in the late 18th and 19th centuries tended to substitute a straightforward physiologist reductionism for Cartesian dualism; mind, for Darwin's acolyte Huxley, was to body as the whistle to the steam train; the programme of the militant young physiologist of the mid-19th century proclaimed that the brain secreted thought like the kidneys secreted urine; genius was a question of the appropriate chemicals.

The 20th century refined the language and turned pragmatic statements into a vast profusion of research papers. But the basic materialist understanding of mind as reducible to cellular and molecular structures and motions has become the virtually unchallenged dogma of the century. The biological model claims that all of human action, love and fear, genius and madness, sainthood and criminality, are all functions of molecular activity; a straight causal chain runs from the genes to the most complex form of social behaviour, changed chromosomal structures 'cause' criminality (as in the notorious XYY saga, now apparently undergoing a revival in Scotland), 'a disordered molecule causes a diseased mind' as a biochemist colleague of mine once announced to an audience of parents of 'learning disabled' children.

A central figure in the physiologisation of psychology was Ivan Pavlov, whose famous studies on the conditioned reflex, of dogs learning to salivate to the sound of the bell which signalled the arrival of food, were a sort of spin-off from his earlier interests in the mechanisms of digestion (for which – and not for the conditioned reflex – he had been awarded a Nobel prize). Jeffrey Gray's introduction to Pavlov discusses both the master's own development of the conditioning model and, more extensively, recent American and British psychological research in the Pavlovian tradition. But whereas Pavlov himself had sought to root his psychology into physiologically testable theories of brain function, much of the western work which has followed him has been influenced also by the American tradition of Behaviourism, which, in the hands of Watson and Skinner, specifically eschewed all concern with what goes on inside the brain at all, merely measuring observable stimuli and responses.

Hence this school of psychology retreats into an arcane language of its own in which the minutiae of the temporal relationships between stimuli, responses and interfering influences of varying degrees of strength are interminably recorded, with little external impact on the rest of psychology or neurobiology. Gray's book is so deeply in this tradition that it does minimal justice to Pavlov himself or to the Russian school which followed him. In particular, for an introduction in the Modern Masters series one might have expected a more substantial and sophisticated treatment of Pavlov's long dialogue with the Soviet Marxist theorists of whom he was, from the 1920s on, an honoured, if somewhat unwilling, patron (being temporarily deified in the late 1920s, after his death, at the same time as Lysenko in genetics).

For many years towards the end of his long researching life Pavlov was also interested in the extension of simple conditioned reflex theory into the area of higher nervous function and human action, in particular by way of his second signalling system. Attempts to utilise this theoretical model have occupied a significant proportion of Soviet cognitive psychologists in the last several decades, yet this too receives little mention – even critical, for the model seems cumbersome and unhelpful – by Gray.

The main point of the Second Signalling System model was that it was intended to account in a materialist fashion for human action and serve as a bridge between the essentially mechanical, reductive materialism of conditioned reflex theory and the dialectical, non-reductionist concerns of Marxist theory. It is this bridge between physiological description and human action which is the central theme addressed by Edgar Wilson, an engineer turned philosopher. His book is a long, scholarly and carefully argued debate with those philosophers who continue to insist that there is an ontological distinction between mind 'stuff' and brain 'stuff', that is, who work in some variant of the Cartesian tradition. Despite the assertion with which I began this review, that the dominant explanatory model among scientists for mind is that it is reductively 'caused' by, or the 'same as' brain, Wilson believes that philosophers think otherwise, that their orthodoxy is animistic. It is my suspicion that in counterposing this animism with a 'physicalist – objective' model in which the mind is identical to the brain but seen from a different perspective ('biperspectivism'), he is pushing against a long open door – the problem is not to unlock it but to stop the stampede out and over the reduction cliff that lies just beyond.

The Identity Theory of mind and brain as it is now most commonly described was given its current shape in the 1950s and 1960s by Place, Armstrong and others now sometimes referred to as the United Front of Sophisticated Australasian Materialists. Wilson's book sets out the theory and systematically considers a series of philosophical objections to it; these he demolishes not merely by use of traditional styles of philosophical argument, but also by bringing to bear modern neurobiological observations. Many philosophers still maintain that science has nothing to contribute to the resolution of the 'mind – brain question'; that it is all a question of logical theorising. Even the Australasian Materialists talk about brains in such a way as to make it apparent that they've never seen one, still less read much neurobiology, and the whole debate has tended to be very abstract. Wilson moves easily in both the philosophical and neurobiological literature, and one would have liked to think that his book was the *coup de grace* for certain residual philosophical dualists.

In his concern to deal them a death-blow, however, he frequently leaves his rear unguarded. Thus he fails to notice the significant number of neuroscientists who, especially in their later years, have moved towards some sort of unashamed dualism; the Catholic physiologist Eccles, of course, the neurosurgeon Penfield, whose brain stimulation experiments are so frequently cited, and Sperry, the developer of the famous 'split brain' studies, to say nothing of the earlier generation of Adrian and Sherrington. This phenomenon, I believe, occurs almost in reaction to the simultaneous power of the methodology of naive reductionism and its

**David Sweetman**

# The Long Days

They gave you a world smelling of leather
continents like twisted stairs
and told you to kick it
away down the lane that marks
the suburb's end, an explorer's vague line,
the convenient lie beyond which
a terra incognita beckons.

There, amongst the farmyard's aimlessness
a disconnected pig lazes
its two-pin snout unplugged,
while a cow crooks its tail
like a duchess's finger
then craps like an old drunk.
Back at the house nature is more serious:

the young bitch shaking out
three clenched fists secretly under a bed
or the silent, Egyptian pose
of the old lady on the chesterfield.
*Where have you been?* she asks softly.
You shake your head, afraid to inhale
the embalming sweetness of camphor.

Her hand tries to mould her head
on those days when she sings to herself
and sometimes when the tears come
they roll from her eyes
like steel balls in a penny arcade.
They too reflect lies, bending
The cupboards, warping the chairs.



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inadequacy as a philosophical principle. Less sophisticated scientists are content to remain firmly in the reductionist trap.

In truth, Wilson, for all his philosophical care, does not get us far out of it. To tell us that mind processes are identical to – translate into – brain processes is only a starting point. There is a hierarachy of levels at which we can describe brain processes themselves, from the molecular, through the cellular to the organismic; the task for the neurobiologist is to explore the translation rules between all these levels of discourse. And while mind language may be a translation of brain language, to understand human action it is necessary to consider the human in social interaction; that is as an actor in a society, in confrontation with the social and natural worlds. Wilson, in his concern with what I suspect is – despite its roots in Descartes – a peculiarly Anglo-Saxon philosophical tradition, misses this point.

And this is perhaps why, in the last analysis, having set up what could and should be a dialectical mind/brain model, he spoils his case at the end when in the final – and unnecessary – chapters of his book he considers the consequences of a mind/ brain identity theory for criminality and the law. If mind is another perspective on brain, then free will is a chimera and criminality is illness or maladjustment. And by the end he is back assuming that XYY chromosomes cause criminal violence and all the rest of it. Quite apart from the dubiety of the empirical evidence, the minute he does this he is no longer arguing for *identity* but for *causation*, that brain and biological events have ontological primacy over mind and action language. Which is just what the crass reductionalists have said all along. It isn't so, Dr Wilson. Freewill and human consciousness are not rendered myths exploded by the non-reductive identity of mind and brain; they are concepts which *remain* of profound relevance in mind language even when we have discovered the Rosetta stone by which they can be translated into matching terms of brain language.

My conviction that this debate is essentially an Anglo-Saxon one is strengthened by reading Margaret Boden's excellent introduction to *Piaget*. Where Jeffrey Gray does neither sufficient justice nor is sufficiently critical of *his* Modern Master, Boden's account of Piaget is surely just what this Fontana series ought to do; she carefully places Piaget at the meeting place of two streams of European thought of the early 20th century, evolutionary biology prior to the neo-Darwinian synthesis, and a developmental psychology unencumbered by naive Behaviourism, in a context which seeks unifying structuralist accounts, which sees symmetries between the development of knowledge and the evolution of species. She recognizes Piaget's great contribution to the growth of developmental cognitive psychology – a contribution which has helped inhibit the growth of untrammelled 'IQ theory' outside the English speaking world, and the relevance of genetic epistemology to the philosophy of knowledge. She is kinder than I would be to the Piagetian version of evolutionary theory, a sort of obscure Lamarckism given credibility by clothing it in metaphors such as 'epigenetic landscapes'. As befits someone who has written sympathetically about Artificial Intelligence (Wilson's dismissal of AI as an irrelevance is much closer to my own position), Boden is also a careful exponent of Piagetian systems theory and cybernetics. Her criticisms of the Master's tendency to windy and obscure generalisations wrapped in language that has lost all precision, and of his claims about the universality of empirically observed stages in child development (to which other empirical evidence in fact runs counter), are tellingly, if not unkindly made. Much the best introduction to Piaget that I have come across, this book should become standard reading in all those teacher training courses where bits of half-baked Piagetianism are scattered around the hardnosed IQ theory of the psychometricians.

Which brings us to David Pyle. His *Introduction to Intelligence* is written specifically for schoolteachers and those training to become them. It is a short and sensible account of the literature and some current debates, apart from its distressingly patronising style which goes in extensively for snappy sentences and irrelevant exclamation marks! It refuses to be conned by the pretensions of psychometry and takes a critical stance towards the dogma that IQ tests measure intelligence, still less that a child's test score tells one anything about its 'biological potential' or the contribution of its genes. 'A mythical line of argument', says David Pyle firmly, and I hope that many prospective teachers read, mark and note.

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**Alan Hollinghurst**

# Heroic Integrity

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**Sergeant Getúlio** by JOÃO UBALDO RIBEIRO *Deutsch* £4.95

***Life in the West*** by BRIAN W. ALDISS *Weidenfeld* £5.95

**The Little Disturbances of Man** by GRACE PALEY *Virago* £2.50

**Narrow Rooms** by JAMES PURDY *Ram Publishing Company* £5.95

It is very exciting to find a new novel which uses genuine technical originality in the service of a deeply disturbing and unusual moral vision. Ribeiro's stupendous *Sergeant Getúlio* (which has already won prizes in Brazil) is precisely such a book. Set entirely in the thoughts of a sergeant detailed to transport a political prisoner from one town to another, it is written in a highly natural idiom which is brilliantly sustained through extremes of brutality, sadism, fantasy, self-pity, and insecure and childish self-esteem. It is as convincing as 'stream of consciousness' writing can be of the way the mind runs, slows, repeats itself – and it is never for a moment obscure.

Its vivid immediacy confines us in a world where our grasp on normal criteria of morality and understanding is weakened. We participate in the sensuousness of Getúlio's fantasies of violence and his fairy-tale visions of himself, naively elaborated to buttress his self-confidence when, at the crux of the novel, he is betrayed by his own chief. And we are unable to flinch from the imaginative conviction with which, when he is able, Getúlio puts his fantasies into action: for instance, tearing out the teeth of his prisoner, or raiding a barracks single-handed. He is the crudest kind of man of action: 'I keep moving, because when I am moving I am not thinking and when I am acting I am not even knowing, that's it.' But by the end of the book our repulsion is wholly transformed by pathos and exhilaration. His simple understanding cannot cope with the political complexity which entraps him, and a heroic integrity emerges in his actions; as Ribeiro says by way of preface: 'It is a tale of virtue.'

*Life in the West* is Brian Aldiss's first 'contemporary novel' – almost as contemporary as it could possibly be without its having been science-fiction when he wrote it. He brings to it the gifts of complicated organisation, interesting thematic scheme and continuous speculation that one would expect. Much of the book is set at a conference in Sicily – 'The First International Congress of Intergraphic Criticism' – to which most of the western nations send representatives; and England sends Thomas Squire, landowner and TV personality, as guest of honour. This conference leads Aldiss to attempt arguments (about materialism, Marxism, the quality of life, East and West) which he manages to make lively, often amusing, and yet within the grasp of the least politically aware reader. The unusual proportion of theory and polemic, because juxtaposed with a richly imagined private and public world for his principal characters, refreshingly enables Aldiss to speak about the workings or failures to work of the political imagination, and the complex circumstances which shape such imagination. He presumably relies on some agreement from his audience about the views he holds with regard to the situation of the west in the post-War years, particularly with regard to Russia, and he summarises this in a detailed modernisation of a Gillray cartoon: 'Love and Peace Prevail again in Europe, 1946.' Beyond this the dialogue excellently captures the way Squire, in his collapsing marriage, tries to understand and adjust his self-image, labouring to discard cliché and the self-regarding fluency which he can employ on TV. The detail is sharp and copious, and the sense of England and its landscape as a consequence and summation of its history wonderfully accurate.

In Grace Paley's stories there is deliberately no background or substantiation; she pitches her readers into the midst of rapid and complicated personal developments – to do with love, families, women young and old – narrated in a hilarious New York Jewish idiom, alternately grotesque and laconic. Sentimental occasions are deftly described or recalled in a quick-fire interjectory kind of talk which marvellously disciplines their potential mundanity or sloppiness. Character, as A. S. Byatt points out in an appreciative introduction, is virtually nonexistent; certainly it does not develop, or have time to. Instead we have droll, even witty, fragments, a record of the little disturbances of man, colloquial talk of the colloquial, which is vivid and new.

Unlike James Purdy's new book. Edith Sitwell spoke very highly of him, as quoted on the cover, as one of the greatest living writers of fiction in our language; and in her letters wrote of him as '*much* greater than Faulkner... really *wonderful*'. That was some time ago, and even she, I imagine, would change her mind faced with the abysmal *Narrow Rooms* in which the decline of his considerable talent continues. Written in a hectoring, limited



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# February Books

The following is a selection of books published during February and received by the NEW STATESMAN. Inclusion in this list does not preclude the possibility of a future review.

## Autobiography & Biography

JAMES L. CLIFFORD **Dictionary Johnson** *Heinemann* £10. This sequel to *Young Samuel Johnson* covers Johnson's middle years, ending at the time of his meeting with Boswell.

CORLISS LAMONT & LANSING LAMONT (Eds) **Letters of John Masefield to Florence Lamont** *Macmillan* of £20. The record of a 36-year friendship and correspondence.

KAREN MONSON **Alban Berg** *Macdonald & Jane's* £9.50. A biography for the general reader.

JOANNA RICHARDSON **Gustav Doré** *Cassell* £7.95. An abundantly illustrated biography, with bibliography and index.

KEITH SAGAR **The Life of D. H. Lawrence** *Methuen* £9.95. Annotated and illustrated with over 150 pictures of and by Lawrence.

HUMPHREY TREVELYAN **Public and Private** *Hamish Hamilton* £8.95. Sketches of famous people he has known and family portraits.

## Drama, Cinema & Music

STANLEY DANCE **The World of Earl Hines** *Sidgwick* £6.95 & £4.50. Volume two of the 'World of Swing', a fully illustrated large format book, includes personal memoirs of Earl Hines by his friends and fellow musicians.

BOHDAN DROZDOWSKI (Ed.) **Twentieth Century Polish Theatre** *Calder* £7.95. An illustrated survey which includes essays, interviews and scripts.

PETER GAMMOND & RAYMOND HORRICKS (Eds) **The Music Goes Round and Round** *Quartet* £6. An examination of the record industry.

ROMOLA NIJINSKY **Nijinsky and the Last Years of Nijinsky** *Gollancz* £8.50. A biography of Nijinsky by his wife, previously published in two volumes in 1933 and 1952.

RICHARD ROUD (Ed.) **Cinema: A Critical Dictionary** *Secker* £25 for both vols. Collected contributions on the major film-makers.

TONY STAVEACRE **The Songwriters** *BBC* £5. An illustrated history of popular songwriting in the 20th century.

## Fiction

SUSAN CHEEVER **Looking for Work** *Weidenfeld* £5.25. A first novel set in the Sixties in the metropolitan US.

MARY MCCARTHY **The Groves of Academe** *Weidenfeld* £6.50. A re-issue of her novel first published in 1951.

DEREK MARLOWE **The Rich Boy of Chicago** *Weidenfeld* £5.95. Story of the eponymous hero from the Twenties to the Sixties.

ERIC ROHMER **Six Moral Tales** *LSP Books* £4.95. The fictions on which his films were based.

NATALIE SCOTT **Wherever We Step the Land is Mined** *Cape* £5.50. A first novel from Australia, centring on a domestic situation.

ITALO SVEVO **As A Man Grows Older** and **A Life** both *Secker* £6.50. Re-issues of his novels.

## History

DONALD HARMAN AKENSON **Between Two Revolutions** *Academy Press* £10. A study of life in Island Magee, County Antrim, from 1798 to 1920.

J. BOWYER BELL **Terror Out of Zion: The Fight for Israeli Independence 1929-1949** *Academy Press* £9.95. This illustrated look at Irgun Zrai Lemmi, LEHI and the Palestine underground was first published in the USA in 1977.

ERNLE BRADFORD **The Year of Thermopylae** *Macmillan* £7.95. A popular retelling of the events leading up to the battle for the Pass at Thermopylae.

PETER KWONG **Chinatown, NY** *Monthly Review Press* £7.60. A history of labour movements in New York's Chinatown from 1930 to 1950.

DAVID STAFFORD **Britain and European Resistance 1940-1945** *Macmillan* £15. A survey of the Special Operations Executive, with documents.

## Literary Criticism

ROSLYNN D. HAYNES **H. G. Wells: Discoverer of the Future** *Macmillan* £12. Analyses the influence of science on H. G. Wells's thought.

ROBERT HOGAN (Ed.) **The Macmillan Dictionary of Irish Literature** *Macmillan* £20. 815pp of general essays, short critical biographies of 300 writers, bibliography and index.

MORINE KRISSDOTTIR **John Cowper Powys and the Magical Quest** *Macdonald General* £8.95. A detailed examination of the 'mythology' that informed Powys's work.

ROY PARK (Ed.) **Lamb as Critic** *Routledge* £9.75. An anthology of Lamb's critical writing. Set in 'typewriter' type.

W. B. STANFORD **Enemies of Poetry** *Routledge* £8.95. An attack on 'false critics', which asserts the separateness of poetry from other intrusive disciplines.

HARRY STONE **Dickens and the Invisible World** *Macmillan* £12. Annotated study of the relationship between Dickens's work and fairy tales and fantasy.

GRANT WEBSTER **The Republic of Letters** *Johns Hopkins* £13.50. 'A history of postwar American literary opinion.'

## Politics and Current Affairs

ROBERT BEHRENS **The Conservative Party from Heath to Thatcher** *Gower* £7.50. A look at 'policies and politics 1974-1979'.

DAVID BUTLER & ANNE SLOMAN **British Political Facts 1900-1979** *Macmillan* £20 & £8.95. The updated fifth edition of this comprehensive reference book.

ROBERT HUNTER **The Greenpeace Chronicle** *Picador* £2.50. The first UK publication of the story of the Greenpeace movement.

BRUCE JOHANSEN & ROBERTO MAESTAS **Wasi'chu: The Continuing Indian Wars** *Monthly Review Press* £8. A history of the struggle of the Indians in the US against their oppressors.

JORGE SEMPRUN **Communism in Spain in the Franco Era** *Harvester* £10.50. Describes the conflict between differing ways of thought in the PCE in the Fifties and Sixties.

MICHEL RAPTIS **Socialism, Democracy and Self-Management** *Allison & Busby* £7.95 & £3.95. Essays by the one-time Secretary of the Fourth International, contrasting the Soviet model of socialism with fully democratic socialism and making special reference to Algeria, Portugal, Chile and France.

JOHN T. SIRICA **To Set the Record Straight: The Break-in, the Tapes, the Conspirators, the Pardon** *W. W. Norton* £9.25. The judge's-eye view of the affair with transcripts of two of the tapes.

## Social Questions and Philosophy

K. M. BOYD **The Ethics of Resource Allocation in Health Care** *Edinburgh* £5.

PAUL CONNERTON **The Tragedy of Enlightenment** *Cambridge* £10.50 & £3.50. An essay on the Frankfurt school with notes and bibliography.

CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON **Drink** *Granada* £6.95. An alcoholic's account of the condition, with factual appendices and a foreword by Professor J. N. P. Moore.

BARRY GLASSNER **Essential Interactionism: On the Intelligibility of Prejudice** *Routledge* £7.95. For students in the fields of phenomenology, philosophy of social science, social psychology, etc.

EVELYN B. SCHAFFER **Community Policing** *Croom Helm* £8.95 & £4.50. An examination of the role of the police force, with reference to experiments in community policing and a foreword by Sir David McNee.

JULIA A. SHERMAN & EVELYN TORTON BECK (Eds) **The Prism of Sex** *Wisconsin* £11.10. 'Essays in the sociology of knowledge.'

PETER SINGER **Practical Ethics** *Cambridge* £10 & £2.95. A consideration of issues ranging from the taking of life to the nature of poverty.

JUDITH STINTON (Ed.) **Racism and Sexism in Children's Books** *Writers & Readers Publishing Co-operative* £4.95 & £2.95.

## Miscellaneous

CHRISTOPHER BOOKER **The Seventies: Portrait of a Decade** *Allen Lane* £7.50. Some of the essays included are based on previous contributions to the *Spectator, Daily Telegraph*, etc.

THOMAS BULFINCH **Myths of Greece and Rome** *Allen Lane* £7.50. A 19th-century popular retelling of the myths, here reprinted with numerous visual interpretations.

RICHARD HALL **Lovers on the Nile** *Collins* £7.95. 'An idyll of African exploration', the story of Samuel and Florence Baker, their relationship and adventures.

MARY MCCARTHY **On the Contrary: Articles of Belief 1946-1961** *Weidenfeld* £8.50. Re-issue of her collected essays.

P. B. MEDAWAR **Advice to a Young Scientist** *Harper & Row* £4.95. An introduction to the nature and practice of science.

GITA MEHTA **Karma Cola** *Cape* £4.95. A sceptical look at the Western search for Indian mysticism and the purveying of Indian spirituality to the West.

JAN MYRDAL **The Silk Road: A Journey from the High Pamirs and Ili through Sinkiang and Kansu** *Gollancz* £7.50. A travelogue and portrait of post-revolutionary China, with photographs by Gun Kessle.

RAY ROBINSON **The Wildest Tests** *Cassell* £5.95. The stories of test match disturbances of the last 40 years, with score cards and photographs of the relevant matches.

ANDY WARHOL **Andy Warhol's Exposures** *Hutchinson* £8.95. Photographs of the famous.

AUBERON WAUGH **The Last Word** *Michael Joseph* £6.50. An eye-witness account of the Thorpe trial.

JOHN WHITTON **Disasters: The Anatomy of Environmental Hazards** *Allen Lane* £8.95. From earthquakes to floods – an examination of natural disasters, their causes and their connections with human society.

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style, almost entirely in clichés, it seems like a very early draft for a bad novel. The characters 'conquer their ire', 'rain blows' on each other, and 'hold on with might and main'; objects of furniture are invariably described as 'commodes', symptomatic of an extraordinary *gaucherie*. Such writing could only be justified by an extreme literary self-consciousness, of which there is no hint; and the story – of the intensive bonds of mastery and servitude between four young men in a Virginian town – could only be justified as an outrageous piece of Camp, especially the Gothic climax, in which one of the boys has another nail him to a barn-door and then exhume his dead boy-lover. But the monotonous ineptitude and banality cut out even such a possibility. Enough!



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# ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

# How Far Still the Dawn

**PETER SHERWOOD discusses in context the six Hungarian poets visiting Britain this week.**

Kodály and Bartók are part of the regular musical repertoire; Jancsó's films are regularly shown and reviewed here; the highly successful exhibitions devoted to Moholy-Nagy and Kertész in London are currently being followed by one of the Hungarian avant-garde at the Hayward Gallery. But why, Hungarian visitors invariably ask, does no-one here know, or even know about, the finest jewel in Hungary's cultural crown, its poetry? The current visit to Britain by six of Hungary's foremost poets goes some way to filling this gap; there is still time to catch their readings at University College, Bangor (*Friday, March 14*), the Riverside Studios, Hammersmith (*Sunday, March 16*) and King's College, London (*Monday, March 17*).

The Hungarians are treating this event very seriously and are even sending Hungarian Television to film the poets in action. That it is important to Hungarians is not, of course, either a necessary or a sufficient reason for giving Hungarian poetry our attention; it stands up as poetry in its own right. But an extra dimension is added to its interest if the historical and cultural context in which it was conceived is outlined. In 1852 the first English-language grammar of Hungarian began with the words: 'A nation may be said to live in its language, which is at once the faithful exponent of its characteristic features and the sure safeguard of its independence.' Many Hungarians would say that this is still relevant at a time when over three million speakers of Hungarian are living in less than ideal cultural circumstances in the countries bordering Hungary. The poet is, of course, supreme guardian and master of the language, and from here it is but a short step to a view of the poet as leader and embodiment of the people. Looking back over Hungary's thousand years of appalling, debilitating history, we repeatedly find poets (occasionally even prose writers) on or near the battlefield. Bálint Balassi (1554-1594), the first Hungarian poet, died fighting the Turks in the 16th century, while almost a century later Miklós Zrínyi (1620-1664) was still fighting them as he wrote the last European epic, about his grandfather's heroic defence of Sziget. The outstanding prose writer of the 18th century, Kelemen Mikes (1690-1761), spent his life in exile with Prince Rákóczi after the failure of the latter's war of independence, while one of the last battles of the 1848-9 war saw the end of Sándor Petöfi (1823-1849), Hungary's national poet, at the age of 26.

Even in recent times Hungarian literature, which has at its core always been poetry, and politics were so intertwined that there emerged a Literary Deák Party, named after the architect of Hungary's 1867 Settlement with Austria, and Populism was the dominant literary and left-wing movement in the middle third of the present century. And every major political upheaval – 1848, 1919, 1956 – was preceded by literary turmoil and followed by literary silence on the death, imprisonment, exile, or enforced silence of the writers involved. No wonder, then, that Hungarians feel one must have a sense of Hungarian history if one is to understand Hungarian poetry. Certainly, the nature of the resonances along this dimension are keenly debated in Hungarian literary history, and there is an obvious danger, perhaps especially abroad, when the foreign reader knows only a less than brilliant translation, that the circumstances of a poem's creation will be found more moving than the poem itself; D. M. Thomas notes that this was his experience with Miklós Radnóti, whose last poems were found in his overcoat when he was exhumed a year after being executed by a German firing-squad in 1944.

But one need not deny the existence of this historic role or its importance as a defining framework and influence for contemporary poets to assert that the poets who have matured in the last 20 years have assimilated recent and past Hungarian experience remarkably and distilled from it a richly varied poetry which transcends the limitations traditionally ascribed to minor literatures and which has much to offer. The work of the poets now visiting Britain is undoubtedly of this order.

The reflective poems of István Vas (born 1910) are an intellectual autobiography; with gentle rhymes and precise phrasing he seeks objectivity, and himself, in an increasingly ungentle and imprecise world. If poems such as 'Budapest Elegy', 'On Approaching Fifty' and 'The Etruscan Sarcophagus' travel less well perhaps than some by the other poets, it is because here such energies and interests would probably flow into channels other than poetry. Sándor Weöres (born 1913) is a Protean poet of tremendous energy and astonishing virtuosity, seemingly able to write in any style, assume any persona, create and assimilate any mythology. He has an Oriental vision of himself as purely the medium through which his poems are transmitted, his goal being 'to see everything with the eyes of God, like the holy eunuch and bisexual, the complete human being: to see without idealising and see everything with love'. His 'Three Sparrows/Six Eyes' recovered a rich store of forgotten and discarded Hungarian poetry. Ferenc Juhász (born 1928) is the only poet of this company who has not undertaken translation into Hungarian; he draws exclusively on the soil of his country, its myths and its poetry, to express in a Niagara of stunning biological and technological images – it is not unusual for a Juhász poem to be hundreds or even thousands of lines long – the raw agony of a still largely agricultural people being dragged inevitably, necessarily, into the 20th century. János Pilinszky (born 1921) is a Catholic whose infrequent, precise, minimal poems and ritualistic pieces for the stage are conceived largely in religious terms as the only possible response to the 'universal scandal' of our time, World War II. A brief poem, 'Agonia Christiana', conveys much of his concern and style: 'How far still the dawn/with its streams and cool breath!/I put on my shirt and coat/I button up my death.' Amy Károlyi (born 1909) seems to write each poem as if it were a scarab lost in the mud which she picks up, cleans carefully to reveal its perfect combination of form, sound and meaning, and flings high into the air to ensure it circles for ever in the sunlight. In Agnes Nemes Nagy's (born 1922) unflinching, technically accurate, almost surreal landscapes of a lost world, the trees, birds, horses, and rocks seem to be presences with mysterious lives of their own, generating deep unease and yet a real sense of what it means to be fully human.

Versions of Pilinszky's poems by Ted Hughes (Carcanet) and Peter Jay (Anvil), of Weöres by Edwin Morgan and of Juhász by David Wevill (sharing a Penguin), and Bruce Berlind's subtle translations of Nemes Nagy (Iowa University) show that what might appear to be the greatest barrier can often be triumphantly overcome. Many of the translations used on this tour are taken from *Modern Hungarian Poetry* edited by Miklós Vajda (Columbia University), an enterprising but inevitably uneven anthology culled from the pages of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*. But at these readings there is a rare chance to hear the splendidly supple Finno-Ugrian language of the originals, so the translations, for once, are more like subtitles. No-one interested in the possibilities of poetry should miss them.

## Amy Károlyi

## *From* The Third House

Like moon-hunted clouds, the two
fine houses of my life drift from me:
the lamb's-wool sky of youth,
my stifling, lightning-flickering
summer years –
see me now crowned with vine-leaves,
a bunch of grapes plunged in the vat,
like that I step onto the porch of my death.

(The stairs deceive. They seem to soar
but stop in a ravine.
The old man mumbles his acorn on
the valley floor.
His nose drips,
he sits propped on twigs.

O, where is noon, the milk-loaf heart?
The sun was devoured like a
slice of bread.)

This porch still takes a friendly part,
the sun still bakes,
the stone still boils.
the full moon lights its linen shade,
but already it's a night with crickets shrilling,
the plum-scent has dissolved into a spirit –
O, transfiguration of things!

Jesus Christ is sleeping in the host
wafer-colored stripes gliding
under a round sky milled on the lathe
in our eyes its stripe keeps going
cool saliva from old women falling
dribbles down the apron of the year.
Now only the crust is left here,
the sun is devoured like a slice of bread.

*Translated by Edwin Morgan*



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# Theatre – 1

**Benedict Nightingale**

# Calls-to-Arms

**The Primary English Class** by ISRAEL HOROWITZ and **Death of an Anarchist** by DARIO FO *Wyndhams*
**The Iceman Cometh** by EUGENE O'NEILL *Cottesloe*

The first-night mob elbowing into the foyer of Wyndhams looked and sounded different: a lot of denim and anti-Tory lapel badges, but none of those powdered voices exchanging ostentatious platitudes across the heads of the celebrity-spotting photographers. And once inside, by God they *were* different. How often in a West End funhouse do you hear a snarky reference to Lord Denning being applauded, or an actress's half-serious complaint about the lack of women's parts in the play being cheered by the assembled sisterhood? How often do you see *Socialist Challenge* next to the Black Magic on an attendant's tray? There was a certain exultation in the air, as if Brobdingnag had been scaled and occupied: which, in a way, it had.

A few weeks ago I heard St John Stevas, a hangdog, half-drowned look on that usually beaming face, wanly recommending the virtues of the marketplace to an audience of embarrassingly hostile theatre people. Here, in effect, was the answer of that section of the industry which should have been most in accord with him: give the Arts Council more money so that we, too, may survive. The West End has been dreadfully enfeebled by soaring costs, erratic audiences, and its own lack of initiative. It is becoming more and more abjectly parasitical on what it can beg or borrow from the subsidised sector. Look at this week's listings, and there you'll find imports from Leicester, Salisbury, Sheffield, Manchester, Hampstead, Oxford, the Almost Free. But never before, I think, has a leading management felt impelled to hand over one of its brocaded showcases to two of the Arts Council's more junior clients, a Richmond pub theatre and a socialist touring company.

The Orange Tree's production of *Class* I reviewed a few weeks ago; and I feel no need to re-justify my guarded recommendation of its entertaining attack on American xenophobia. In any case, the more important event is Belt and Braces's blow for Fo, an Italian dramatist almost entirely ignored by our insular theatre, though no doubt partly because his plays are usually topical and local, pop satires on his nation's social and political totems. This time, the subject is one Giuseppe Pinelli, an anarchist unjustly arrested in 1969 for planting bombs and somehow permitted to 'fall' to his death from the upper echelons of a Milanese cop-shop. Fo's method is to manoeuvre the police into becoming increasingly desperate with their own verbal petards. Was the suspect so badly bullied that he committed suicide? No, he wasn't, it was a very good-humoured interrogation. Did he jump out of the window from sheer happiness, then? Well, no, not exactly. If, as a policeman claims, he grabbed a shoe from the self-defenestrator in an attempt to prevent him falling, how come the victim still had two on his feet when he landed? Was he tripped, or given to wearing shoes on top of shoes for cosmetic reasons? So the questions continue until the truth is blurted out: Pinelli was pushed.

It is a sombre conclusion. An atrocity has been committed, and one that we ourselves can hardly dismiss as a hot-blooded Mediterranean aberration. Belt and Braces, as we might expect, emphasise the point by interpolating a mention of the Jimmy Kelly case, along with other more-or-less timely accusations, denunciations, and calls-to-arms. And yet the inquisitor is a blend of trickster and clown, whose iconoclastic glee and eccentric camouflage (at one point, believe it or not, Long John Silver minus only the parrot) both proclaim his origins as the *zanni* of Italian commedia dell' arte; the police are strutting or tumbling grotesques, a ripe bunch of gorgonzola Cleeses; and one of the play's many comic ideas actually turns out to be a variation on the *Python* sketch about the killer joke, which it is death to hear. The company, well led and directed by Gavin Richards, plays it all with extravagant dash.

In short, it's funny, but always purposefully so. We listen to the cross-examination of Fo's villains for some of the same reasons we listen to the arguments in a Stoppard play, because we are ribbed and jollied into doing so; and the cross-examination has real content. However, there's also a danger that such a style may disguise the nature of the pill it's sugaring, and perhaps this happens at the play's end. I, for one, don't like someone manipulating me into the position of cheerfully consenting to the murder of my social enemies, even if those enemies (as a wittily horrific dénouement makes clear) would cheerfully murder you and me, should we get to know too much about them. Dario Fo is said to be distressed by some of the recent actions of the Red Brigades, and would not, I am sure, give his personal imprimatur to the assassination of Aldo Moro. But it may be that a play like this, tolerating and even encouraging political violence, yet extracting the nastiness from it by a burlesque presentation, makes such events marginally more likely.

On 26 June 1976 I spent nearly as long celebrating the *Iceman* in these pages as the RSC took to perform it – four-odd hours, compared with the National's five-odd – and I don't plan to re-argue my opinion that its emotional intensity justifies its admitted repetitiousness, and that this dramatic persistence reinforces the emotional intensity, until somehow fission occurs and relentlessness becomes art. In theory, at least, it provides the right climax for Bill Bryden's O'Neill season, since it's far the most massive elaboration of its author's view that reality is a form of aversion therapy which most people will do anything to avoid; but in practice I enjoyed his production rather less than that mounted by Howard Davies four years ago. It's cramped into a boozer the size of a plank, which several of the cast proceed metaphorically to walk. Some of the accents are hilariously inept, and only Gawn Grainger, whose Jimmy Tomorrow blinks at the unaccustomed light like a doleful mole, convinced me that he was irretrievably in bondage to his bottle.

Still, there are good things from J. G. Devlin, Niall Toibin, Oscar James, and (especially) Jack Shepherd, who is Hickey, the huckster with the sample-case packed with home truths At times he overemphasises the analogy between the hustling salesman and the revivalist preacher, rising to a high evangelical wail as he promises the assembled topers 'an inner life of peace with no pipe-dreams to nag you'; but it's an analogy drawn by O'Neill himself, and there are also times when Shepherd more restrainedly justifies it. After all, plenty of his spiritual kith and kin are about today, wearing the same light-blue suits, rubbing their hands in the same ingratiating way, laughing the same slightly hollow laugh, rattling your defences with the same staccato gabble, as they try to inveigle you into this sect or that. I hope Mr Shepherd will take it as a compliment if I say that he might have quite a future as a fund-raiser for Synanon, the People's Temple or the Children of God.

# Theatre – 2

**Paul Allen**

# A Trick or Two

**The Case of David Anderson QC** by JOHN HALE *Library Theatre, Manchester*
**The Dresser** by RONALD HARWOOD *Royal Exchange, Manchester*

A few months after the Profumo affair the embattled, failing Tory Government of the day was persuaded that another of its ministers was involved in a sex scandal. David Anderson, Solicitor General for Scotland, was accused – although not publicly and contestably – of having approached young women with a view to 'teaching them a trick or two' at future appointments never actually kept.

The establishment (vague but useful word) forced him to resign, first the law job, then the parliamentary seat. It defaulted on a bargain to keep the real reason quiet. It spread the false rumour that he had confessed his guilt. It even suggested that he was mad; oh yes, we've learned that trick too. Thus do the nation's rulers show their ability not just to close ranks in a crisis but also to ditch their most loyal supporters in a panic, and thus does John Hale's mightily important documentary open.

As the evening wears on, the initial injustice deepens, becomes nastier, more shameful and more difficult to explain. Finding scapegoats when an awkward election is coming up is one thing, but someone is still using authority's great height to crap on David Anderson as a matter of policy. Who? And why?

It is a story that goes back to 1945 and an heroic, if melodramatic wartime exploit which denied the Russians a large chunk of Arctic Norway with the aid of a Nazi war criminal. Did the KGB nurse a grievance or did they simply realise much later that Anderson might be disillusioned and attempt to recruit him to 'work for world peace'? At all events they contacted him and contrived to indicate they had been responsible for all his troubles.

No doubt the KGB has the capacity, moral and physical, for such dirty tricks as framing a respectable but rather withdrawn lawyer for a particularly unbecoming series of crimes. But do we have to accept KGB involvement when



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British 'authority' is prepared to believe that a man who is propositioning women always shows them his driving licence in order to get himself identified in future? Or is it just the old story of British incompetence being the enemy's greatest asset?

Unlike Profumo, and for very good reasons, Anderson did not confess his guilt and did not settle down to work his passage back to respectability through charitable deeds. He kept his law practice going and eventually got a job running the public inquiry system in Scotland. Almost at once – we are in the early Seventies now – he was accused again.

Even someone whose legal expertise is founded on the usual cursory knowledge of Essential Law for Journalists is staggered at the conduct of the case at Ayr Sheriff's Court which followed. Anderson was charged with conduct likely to cause a breach of the peace, fined £50 and ruined for ever – unless the theatre's role as a forum for alternative justice constitutes a belated form of appeal – on evidence which includes one of the young women in the case identifying not Anderson but the court shorthand-writer as her unwelcome suitor. And why was the lesser charge preferred to a more exact one? Was it because the latter would have meant trial by jury, a riskier verdict and under Scottish Law much freer opportunities for appeal?

Justice (British Section of the International Commission of Jurists) has investigated and found the procedure hopelessly wanting. There has been Parliamentary debate (with an overwhelming vote in the Lords for a proper re-examination); and there has been a petition with a thousand distinguished signatories. And there is this play: last year it was accepted for production by the Royal Lyceum, Edinburgh. At a hastily convened meeting, in the absence of chairman Ludovic Kennedy, with no minutes taken and no reason given, the contract was cancelled and the hot potato moved on to Manchester. Will someone reopen the case now, or if not will we be told – at last – why not?

As a play it has its problems. The story is told more or less as Anderson let it out, to a psychiatrist, to the Justice investigators, to Hale himself, for whom – presumably – the narrator speaks. The result is chronologically haphazard and sometimes awkward. David Scase's production consists of a dozen soberly dressed actors moving slowly about a set consisting of three chairs, a table and steps up to rostra. The dominant colour is black.

And yet it's wholly compelling. The most theatrical device – making the 'voice of authority' come unseen through a loudspeaker to the rear of the audience – is also the least satisfactory. Authority is another vague but useful word. The reality has many heads, many faces and many voices. Theatrical tidiness and the laws of libel may argue otherwise but the need of the audience inside the theatre and out is for Mr Hale to Name the Guilty Men, as the tabloids used to say.

Malcolm Tierney plays Anderson. He is physically very unlike him but the characterisation is interesting: he shows us an isolated man, a touch secretive perhaps, certainly puritan, and probably the kind of man not protected by the heartier groups to which he perforce belongs.

On the face of it character studies by Tom Courtenay and Freddie Jones ought to be more entertaining than this rather dour victim, but John Hale has so much more to say than Ronald Harwood in *The Dresser* that the much more glamorous Royal Exchange theatre comes out of the encounter like someone caught drunkenly clowning in the presence of death. The irony is that *The Dresser* includes a death whereas *The Case of David Anderson QC* merely deals with living destruction.

*The Dresser* is Courtenay, attending on one of the great actor-managers on a wartime provincial tour. While the bombs crash around, the great man is having a massive personal breakdown, part physical and part psychological, amid and around his celebrated performance of King Lear.

Freddie Jones does many clever things, not least of them playing the actor (the details are taken from Wolfit, whose dresser and biographer Harwood was) and playing Lear and being rather good at both simultaneously. Tom Courtenay is often very funny, making the lines seem worth more by delivering them in the character's camp pretence at throwing them away, a cover for a very studied delivery indeed. But when the old man invites us to gaze into his soul there is nothing there that you wouldn't expect from any other tiresome old bore. We can't share the dresser's loss at his demise, and therefore we can't find the dresser's pain moving either.

# Art

**John Spurling**

# Archers under the Skin

**The Vikings** *British Museum*
**The Vikings** by JAMES GRAHAM-CAMPBELL & DAFYDD KIDD *British Museum Publications* £8.95
**Viking Art** by DAVID M. WILSON & OLE KLINDT-JENSEN *Allen & Unwin* £10
**Viking Age Sculpture** by RICHARD N. BAILEY *Collins* £10.95
**The Viking World** by JAMES GRAHAM-CAMPBELL *Frances Lincoln/Weidenfeld* £11.95

'The Vikings have had a bad press', writes the Director of the BM, Professor David M. Wilson, in his preface to the book of the show, and goes on to hope that the current exhibition will redress the balance. He is concerned, of course, with their popular image as raiders and rapists, and certainly the exhibition does as much to acquaint us with their farming home-life as with their piratical exploits abroad. One can see cooking-pots and soapstone bowls, farmers' or blacksmiths' tools, wooden ski and cow-bone skate which reveal the Archers under the skin. And a reconstructed wattle-and-daub house, with hearth at the centre and loom in the corner, looks cosy enough. The ladies had needles, combs made of antler and primitive ironing-boards as well as their jewellery; the men played *hnefatafl* with whalebone or glass pieces on a carved board.

It is never easy to warm to a people through the cold display of the bits and pieces they took to the grave and the main impression given by this domestic aspect of the exhibition is of pathos and restriction. Little wonder that they took to their boats and got the hell out to Dublin or Dorset, Bordeaux or Pisa, across the Atlantic to Newfoundland or down the Volga and the Dniepr to Byzantium.

But what of their art? Except for the lines of their ships, one hardly associates such a thing with Vikings and, oddly enough, Professor Wilson begins his own section of the standard work on the subject by giving it the worst possible press. *Viking Art* is in two parts. Ole Klindt-Jensen, who contributes the first part on early and pre-Viking art, gives a detailed account of the wood-carvings dug up from a highborn lady's grave at Oseberg in Norway. She and her attendant were buried in a ship, magnificently carved at stem and astern, and laid on beds furnished with eiderdowns and pillows, surrounded by tapestries. Fourteen horses were buried at the ship's prow, while in the stern – among more beds, tents and other equipment – were a cart and four sledges. The bed-posts, the body of the cart and three of the sledges were all carved by various hands which the experts have attempted to sort out and ascribe to such nonentities as 'The Academician', 'The Ship's Master' and 'The Baroque Master'. There are replicas of the cart and one of the sledges in the BM's exhibition, but the objects themselves are presumably too delicate to travel and one can get more idea of the extraordinary skill and decorative genius of the early Viking craftsmen by sitting at home with Klindt-Jensen's text and the black-and-white illustrations. Presumably this exotic, contorted, profuse art of woodcarving continued and developed but by the nature of the material nothing else on such a scale survives.

The Borre style which succeeded Oseberg and is manifested principally in jewellery gave rise to four further styles, but all are chiefly composed of stylised animals, writhing and interlacing to the point that it is almost impossible to see them as animals, let alone, even with expert help, to distinguish one style from another. Essentially this is abstract decoration, whose virtues are intricacy and, rather surprisingly, wit.

Apart from wood, the other thing that's inevitably a bit short in this show is stone. The Vikings did not at first go in for stone-carving, but their colonial peoples in the British Isles did and later, after Harald Bluetooth had put up a great stone at Jelling in memory of his parents, King Gorm and Queen Thyra, the practice became popular in Scandinavia too. There *are* stones in the BM exhibition – notably a fine slab from St Paul's churchyard decorated with a heraldic beast in the manner of the Jelling stone and the Middleton Cross from Yorkshire – but for the most part one would have to go out and see them *in situ*. There could hardly be a more stimulating incentive to do so than Richard N. Bailey's *Viking-Age Sculpture*. Mr Bailey is less concerned with aesthetic questions than with what the stones can tell us about Viking settlement and influence in the British Isles, but he is a bold and forceful writer, clashing with settled opinions, breathing life into dry archaeological minutiae.

His infectious enthusiasm might have done wonders for the exhibition, which is a strange mixture of minutiae displayed in a rather old-world BM manner (tatty little labels,



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dusty-looking cases, cramped spaces) with the glossy PR front of a Popular Spectacular in the Tutankhamun/Eldorado vein. The book that accompanies the exhibition is the same mixture: lavish colour plates and schoolmasterly text with, at the back, a minimally informative list of items, whose numbering bears no relation to that of the illustrations, making the book useless for reference purposes. James Graham-Campbell, co-author of this non-catalogue, has done another still more glossy book called *The Viking World*, but his text here is brisker and sharper and there are good educational drawings of how ships and forts were constructed. The ubiquitous Professor Wilson turns up again here too, writing the foreword, which the book's designers have partly buried in brown sand by overprinting it on the double-page photograph of a sullen dunescape. The Vikings, I think, would have smiled at that.

# Films

**John Coleman**

# Law and Disorder

**. . . And Justice for All** (AA) *Leicester Square Theatre, from 20 March*
**The Electric Horseman** (A) *Empire*
**The Runner Stumbles** (A) *Odeon, Haymarket*
**Richard Pryor Live in Concert** (X) *Gate Two; Ace, Brixton; Odeon, Westbourne Grove*
**Drama of the Rich** (AA) *Curzon*

The headier cinema, by which I imply something for both the intelligence and the intestines but a helluva lot more for the latter, is coming with force out of America as of now. Of course, it always was, but there is a sort of new, flip, harsh, confident stridency lent to old tunes, as if Hollywood had re-invented itself. Norman Jewison's . . . *And Justice for All* does for the US judiciary, for the convolutions of a system involving evil or nutty judges, halfway honest and utterly corrupt lawyers, and their victims – the criminals off whom they inevitably live – rather what that other screwball affair about medical practices, Arthur Hiller's *The Hospital*, written with a mostly well-directed scalpel by Paddy Chayevsky and acted with angry surrealism by George C. Scott out of sight and into mind, did for another institution based around our lives and deaths. This time, the perturbed centre of mad events is Al Pacino, as Arthur Kirkland, a young attorney with enough problems to upholster a fat TV series. He gives not so much a performance as a chain of them, being asked to respond to episode after episode, among which are defending a black queen in a blond wig; a morally fluctuating professional engagement with a very dicey judge (John Forsythe, who is named here because he so primely represents a certain kind of efficient, executive-style American part-player, so *groomed* as to be absolutely sinister, any place anywhere).

It is a movie that builds, and crumbles, and then builds again, inspiring an admiration that is often reluctant, a laugh that is felt to be bought against principles. Because, like *The Hospital*, it enters and even explores some very black areas: Arthur's most important customer, for instance, is a wrongly jailed innocent (and yet he somehow ends up, and he ends up very badly indeed, as marginal); there is a cheap importation of sex 'interest' (the expensive-looking Christine Lahti as an idiotically easy lay); there is a prevalent knowingness that is at some distance from knowledge. But, then, that is as arguably a greatly accurate element in the film: its precise rawness, its preciseness about current conventions of raw matings – quick, coarse, near-witty bedspeak. It brings *Mr Deeds* and that ilk into our own mucky era.

As, in its own way, does *The Electric Horseman*, which reunites Robert Redford – as a five-time world champion cowboy currently employed by a breakfast-food firm – with Jane Fonda, as a terrific top telly reporter. To say this is a rehash of a good deal more dewy-eyed event employing the talents of actors of my youth (or events, come to think of them – can you? and do you recall when Redford and Fonda last shared a screen? No prizes . . .) does it probably more credit than is owing. But this fairly special horse opera – Redford has enough one fine scriptwriter's day and lights out from Las Vegas in his suit of lights (one of the more fantastic visual proposals of this piece, he is seen as a vivid skeleton or star-diagram in motion) – has both a manner of style and a lot of energy. It is also more than tolerably silly. Horse-lovers may know what I mean when I say that Sydney Pollack, who directed the show, has allowed his handsome stallion to leave a wholesome trail of its own – metaphorically.

It would appear that around the year of my birth, in the small mining town of Solona, 100 miles from Seattle, some eerie erotico-religious doings were afoot. Stanley Kramer's *The Runner Stumbles*, it would further appear, is drawn from a Broadway play by one Milan Stitt founded on these steamy matters: it took Mr Stitt 17 (seventeen) rewrites before the play was shown. Too few. Dick Van Dyke stalks and talks round the marbles that are his lines as if he were desperately saying, 'Come back, Mary Tyler Moore', looking like a haggard Pat Boone in drag (he plays the priest who gets in a small-town muddle) and that is sufficient about that, thank you.

To revert to a reality that comes like a kick in the groin, or thereabouts, we must mention *Richard Pryor Live in Concert*, a film record of this distinguished black actor doing his comic thing for around 80 minutes a couple of years ago in a Long Beach spot. This is unusual in several ways, perhaps best described as hideously funny. It has one of the higher verbal scatological counts your reviewer recollects outside his experiences of walking down Kilburn High Street at closing time on a Saturday night; it has a quite unanticipated sexual honesty and pathos; it displays Mr Pryor as someone who knows enough about his acting ability to carry excess to excess, doing strange, self-knockabout muscular mimicry until he hurts you to watch him at it. He can also, of course, do a Whitey to make one blush. Mauro Bolognini's *Drama of the Rich* is pondered, ponderous, another historical reconstruction of a *cause célèbre*, though no cause for celebration in itself. Lavish, lush, lubricious and lousily dubbed: Italian art-cinema at its worst.

# Weekend Competition

**No 2608** **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Imagine that the government really puts the clock back and the ad agencies have to start writing commercial jingles for equipment we had thought to be obsolete – chastity belts, torture instruments, stage-coach journeys, bustles, or whatever. Max. 10 lines; by 28 March. (Note: we got out of sync. with the dating – apologies – must be the time of year. You can in fact have till 14 March for comp no. 2606 and till 21 March for comp no. 2607.)

**No 2605** **Set by Jeff Squiffy**

A re-run of the 'happy families' comp. New alliances making new names.

**Report** **By Al Fresco**

Alas, poor Fatboy (to misquote his own last report), we *thought* we knew him well. But then came the strange episode last autumn, the sudden departure from the Complex and silence. There were occasional rumoured sightings. A shadow flitting down Great Turnstile but fading swiftly into the crowds in Lincolns Inn Fields if approached. A figure at the end of an alleyway, hunched over dustbins. Was it Fatboy? We never knew. But then, just as memory was growing dim, we dredged up an old comp and managed to dredge up Fatboy (if it be he) at the same time. A cable from Africa – no news, no information – just an entry. There was a moment of meditative quiet in the Complex and a unanimous decision to award him a newton for auld lang syne. A newton, too, for the other entries which got through the strict and arbitrary conditions imposed on this v. popular comp. All Brown-Windsors were shredded instantly – after all, the Complex Computer showed at the press of a button that John Fuller won with one in 1973. A similar fate also met the following, which might have been funny on first reading, but palled when I'd met them more than once or twice – Fuller-Crapp (or anything else), Boyle-Thirkettle, Torn-Nixon, Gordon-Bennett, Black-Coleman, Jay-Walker, Woolf-Whistler, Court-Marshall, Plato-Bacon, Good-Evans, Laye-anything, Fookes-anything. . .

Sandra Dee marries Marcus Sieff, then Michael Sieff, Anthony Nutting, Ronald Butt, Simon Dee and finally George Best. Stop. Sandra Desieffs Nutting Butt Dee Best. Stop.

FATBOY

Had Louella Parsons, the thought now occurred,
Refrained from her gossipy prose
And espoused C.P. Snow, who's a wily old bird,
They'd call them the Parsons-Snows.

GERRY BURTON

If Angela Thirkell had married Orville Wright, would they have had to Thirkell-Wright?

K. E. JERMY

If Edna Best had married Peter Sellers, would they have produced some Best-Sellers?

A. J. WYBORN

If Fay Wray had married Doctor Who, would he have become Dr Who-Wray?
If Jean Harlow had married Isaac Newton, would she have become Jean Harlow-Newton?

BILL GREENWELL



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If Medusa married the author of *Germinal,* would she become the Gorgon Zola?
If Teresa Brewer married, in turn, Dick Taverne, Heinrich Himmler and Francis Towne, would she become Teresa Taverne-Himmler-Towne?

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

If Kay Hammond married Seurat, divorced him and married him again, would she then be Kay Seurat Seurat?

LES ALLEN

If Roger Woddis had married Eileen Diss, would he have been Roger Woddis-Diss?

MAUD GRACECHURCH

If Mandy Rice-Davies had married Millais and later Guy Mollet, would she have been Millais Mollet Mandy?

BOB SCOTT

Would the children of Lucille Ball and Michael Foot have been the Foot-Balls?

P. W. R. FOOT

If Miriam Stoppard had married Anthony Nutting, would she be known as Miriam Stoppard-Nutting?

MARTIN FAGG

If Emily Brontë could have married Adolfo Suarez would she be known as Emily Brontë-Suarez?

PHIL NICE

If Madame Curie could have married Mr Van Oss, would they have been known as the Curie-Oss couple?

T. GRIFFITHS

If Maud Gonne had married Georges Bernanos, would they have been Maud and Georges Gonne-Bernanos?

J. H. BENTLEY

If Harold Pinter had married Doris Day, would he have been Harold Pinter-Day?

MICHAEL BIRT

Had Dame Laura Knight married Sir Robert Mayer, would she have been Lady Knight-Mayer?

DUDLEY MILLER

If Rita Snapper had married Andrew Young, divorced him and married Prof. Fred Whipple, would she have been a Young Whipple Snapper?

ROY KELLY

If Una Stubbs had married Martin Fagg, would they have been known as the Fagg-Stubbs?

TINA PEARSON

If Charles de Gaulle had married Emily Post, would he have been Charles de Gaulle-Post?
If Katherine Parr had married Saul Bellow, would she have been Bellow-Parr?

DAVID PUGH

If John Donne had married Ruth Roman, would they have been the Donne-Romans?

W. J. WEBSTER

If Anna Freud had married Augustus Egg, would she have been Mrs Freud-Egg?
If Miss World had married Auberon Waugh, would she be Ms World-Waugh?

GERARD BENSON

If Stella Richman married John Boorman, divorced him and married Wilfred Beckerman, divorced him and married the head of Marks and Spencer, she'd be Stella Richman-Boorman-Beckerman-Sieff.

LEIGH WOODS

If Rebecca West married Edward Said, divorced him and married David Storey, she'd be Rebecca West-Said-Storey.

KERSTI FRENCH

**Tony Miles**

# Chess

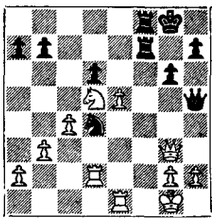
**No 171** **Korchnoy beaten again**

This year's grandmaster tournament at Wyk-aan-Zee was rather weakened by clashing with the European championship finals. Fortunately (!?) however, the Dutch team had been eliminated, so at least their leading players, notably Timman, were free to play. Furthermore the participation of Korchnoy guaranteed an interesting event.

The interest, though, did not turn out to be quite as the favourites expected. In fact the tournament was well-nigh monopolised by the young American World Junior Champion, Yasser Seirawan. In the first round he beat the Dutch IM, Van der Wiel, in the second he beat Korchnoy, in the fourth Timman and by the tenth round he had the astonishing score of 8½. At this point he decided he had done enough and quietly drew his remaining games. However, his irrepressible compatriot, Walter Browne, had not given up the chase. With one round to play he had secured second place and narrowed the gap to half a point but had the unenviable task of playing Korchnoy in the last round. Korchnoy had nothing much to play for, being clearly third whatever the result, but as usual he came out fighting and, in trying to win a worse position, lost and presented Browne with a share of first place. The leading scores were Seirawan and Browne 10/13, Korchnoy 8½, Alburt (ex USSR), Biyiasas (USA) and Timman 7½.
The game of the tournament:

**White: Y. Seirawan** **Black: V. Korchnoy**
**1.P-QB4, N-KB3; 2.N-QB3, P-K3; 3.P-K4, P-Q4; 4.P-K5, P-Q5; 5.PxN, PxN; 6.NPxP, QxP; 7.P-Q4, P-B4.** 7 . . . P-K4 is interesting. **8.N-B3, P-KR3; 9.B-Q3, PxP; 10.PxP, B-N5ch; 11.K-B1!?** A highly aggressive alternative to 11.B-Q2. **11 . . . N-B3; 12.B-N2, B-B4 (?!) 13.B-B2, 0-0; 14.Q-Q3, R-Q1; 15.R-Q1, K-B1; 16.Q-K4, B-Q3; 17.P-KR4.** White's opening has been quite successful. His space advantage outweighs the displaced king. **17 . . . Q-B4; 18.Q-K2, Q-QR4; 19.B-N3, N-K2; 20.P-R5, P-QN3; 21.Q-K4, B-R3; 22.P-Q5! PxP; 23.Q-R7, P-B3; 24.K-N1, BxP; 25.R-R4! BxB; 26.PxB.** White has sacrificed two pawns, but the exposed black king and out-of-play black queen give him a strong attack. **26 . . . K-B2; 27.R-KN4, R-KN1; 28.R-K1, P-Q5.** This desperate attempt to get the queen back into play only makes matters worse. However, constructive moves are hard to find. **29.RxP, B-K4; 30.R-Q7, QxRch.** An admission of defeat, but his position is coming apart at the seams. **31.NxQ, BxB; 32.N-Q3, B-R6; 33.N-B4, KR-Q1; 34.Q-N6ch, R-N1; 35.Q-Q3, RxR; 36.QxR, R-QB1; 37.K-R2; K-B2; 38.N-N6, R-QR1?** A time trouble blunder, but he was lost in any case. **39.NxN** resigns, ( . . . BxN; 40.Q-Q5ch).

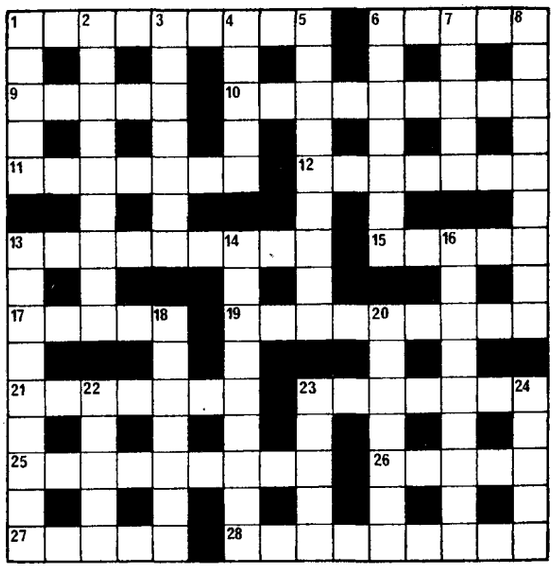
**Problem 171**
Black to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN post-marked no later than 26 March.



**Solution to problem 169**
1.P-R7, P-N3ch; 2.K-B6! B-K4ch; 3.KxB, K-N2; 4.PxP, P-B7; 5.P-R8=Qch, KxQ; 6.K-B6, P-B8=Q; 7.P-N7ch, K-R2; 8.B-N6ch, K-R3; 9.P-N8=Nmate!

# Weekend Crossword 1336

**PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1336, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 25 March.**



ACROSS

1 Where to plight one's troth with Maud (9).
6 Tree which makes Thomas lose a morning (5).
9 Present the treasure chest after a hundred has been removed (5).
10 Among Olympic awards won by legendary person (9).
11 Finishing level, although having victory in trail (7).
12 She appears in it when pictures tell a story (7).
13 Be close to a man when surrounded by darkness (9).
15 Consumed in a second-rank hotel (5).
17 River which needs to try to make work (5).
19 Being a rat, one comes between gang and bird (9).
21 Killed 'pour encourager les autres' (7).
23 Landlady who turns red during a dance (7).
25 I come in to choose wives for aristocrats (9).
26 Where fifty go into the river after one (5).
27 Retreats where agreements are not reached (5).
28 Means of support for one who is extravagant about us (9).

DOWN

1 Dickens character died by back entrance (5).
2 Stopped being cultured if there were no artist (9).
3 It is teacher's job to damage a ruler (7).
4 Employing the upper-class to entertain (5).
5 Dizzy place (9).
6 Born happy although not at the right time (7).
7 Support for artists in retirement before fifty (5).
8 They mark a changed theatre (9).
13 In play there is ship with trouble aboard (9).
14 Lists forbidden practices about the deceased (9).
16 A lot of trees cut down with assistance as previously mentioned (9).
18 Sea creatures found in the wreck of Royal Marine ships (7).
20 Arthur's mother has headache without head (7).
22 Saying what the cow says about milk (5).
23 Singer holds one as first principle (5).
24 Course for philosopher under fifty (5).

SETSQUARE

**Solution to No 1334**

| | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| N | O | M | A | D | | C | O | W | A | R | D | I | C | E |
| E | | A | | A | | H | | I | | E | | M | | P |
| W | A | T | E | R | M | I | L | L | | D | E | P | T | H |
| S | | E | | K | | P | | D | | C | | A | | O |
| P | A | R | I | S | H | | R | E | P | A | I | R | E | D |
| A | | | | U | | M | | B | | R | | T | | |
| P | O | L | L | I | N | A | T | E | S | | M | I | N | D |
| E | | A | | T | | L | | E | | V | | A | | I |
| R | U | M | P | | V | E | R | S | A | I | L | L | E | S |
| | | A | | D | | F | | T | | V | | | | P |
| H | A | R | R | I | D | A | N | | M | I | R | A | G | E |
| A | | T | | V | | C | | A | | S | | S | | L |
| L | O | I | R | E | | T | O | R | M | E | N | T | I | L |
| L | | N | | S | | O | | M | | C | | O | | E |
| O | V | E | R | T | U | R | E | S | | T | I | R | E | D |

**Prizewinners to No 1334**
David Daggers (London EC1)
J. F. Kahn (Switzerland)
Andrew Lee (Gosport)



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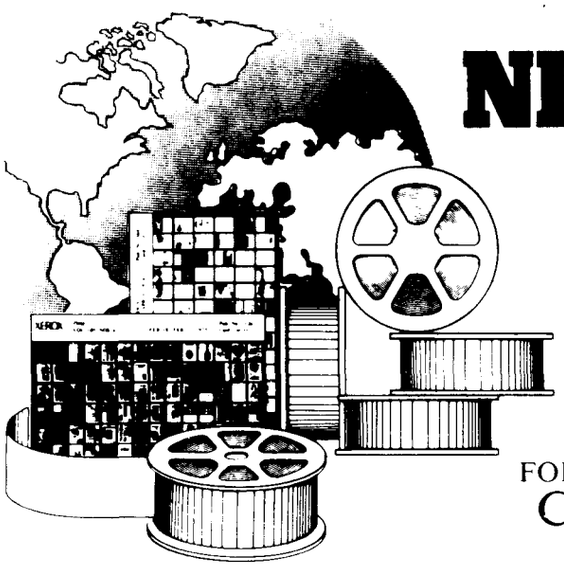

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**HAMPSTEAD THEATRE.** 722 9301. 'Threads' by John Byrne, sequel to 'The Slab Boys', dir. Robin Lefevre. Prevs from 13-Mar.-23 Mar. 8. p.m. Press night 24 March 7 p.m.

**NATIONAL THEATRE.** 928 2252. Prevs 'Othello'; 'When We are Married', 'The Iceman Cometh'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

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**ICA EVENTS,** The Mall, SW1. 14 Mar. 7.30. Contemporary Japanese Design — *talk by Mitsukuni Yoshida and Masaru* Katzumie, designers of Japan Style at the V & A; A Sense of Ireland Seminars — 14 Mar. 7.30 Resources For Change: The Trade Union Movement; 15 & 16 Mar. 2.30-5.30 The International Context. Tkts 80p. 01-930 3647.

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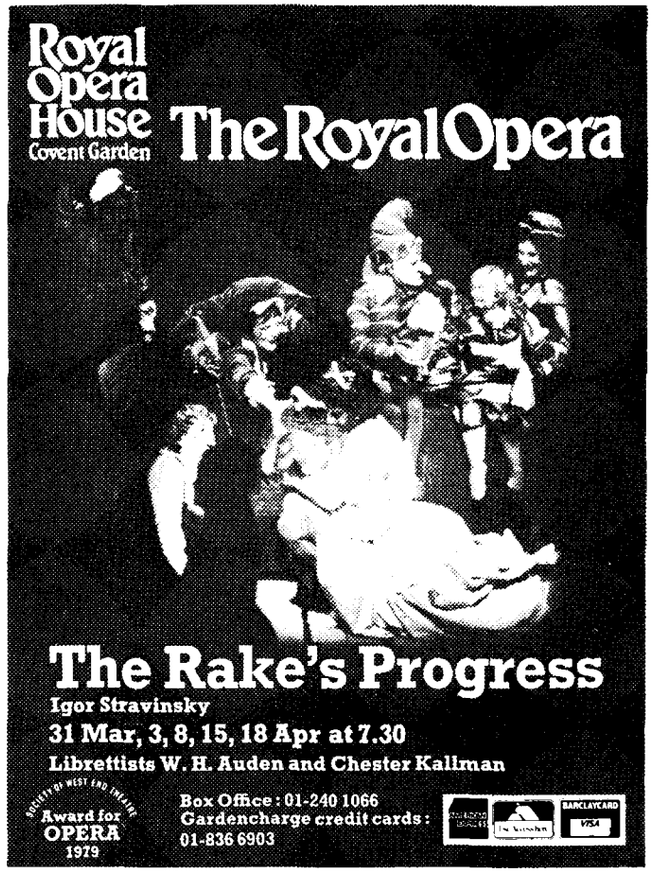




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Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Anthenaeum' and 'the Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed in England by Eden Fisher (Southend) Ltd. Published by the Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd. at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

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